National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment....Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Selections.

From the (London) Anti-Slavery Reporter.

The British West Indies in 1850.

BY JOHN CANDLER AND G. W. ALEXANDER.

GRENADA.

Grenada is a small but lovely island, and contains 27,000 inhabitants. Our stay in it was too limited to allow us to make more than a few brief and general remarks on its condition. The sugar estates in active cultivation are reduced to about eighty, and these are not of very large extent. The hills, which, under a high price of sugar, once flourished in cane cultivation, are now a comparative wilderness, or used for the growth of provisions. Lands in cane are much confined to the valleys. Only 2,000 laborers are said to be employed on all the plantations. Property has fallen much in value, and large areas of land, with good dwellings on each, out-buildings, and expensive machinery, are selling at very low prices. *Belmont* estate, containing 360 acres of land, and lying near the town of St. George, was lately disposed of for £1,500. *Tuilleries*, adapted to make 100 hogsheads of sugar per annum, has been sold for £1,000; and other good properties in proportion. We cannot satisfactorily account for this state of things except on the ground of panic. We were glad to learn, notwithstanding the prevalent depression, that there are estates, principally under the charge of one mercantile house in London, that are worked with decided advantage to the proprietors. Several properties have been recently taken on lease, at rents varying from £50 to £100 per annum, by resident planters, who were managers for absentees, and we have no doubt that many of them will do well under the new arrangement. Mortgagees in England, who are resolved to foreclose, must either farm the estates themselves, or sell, or let them at low rents to the old or new occupiers. The two latter courses seemed to be preferred. A race of cultivators is thus springing up, who possess a moderate capital, who have a deeper interest in the soil than the former attorney and managers, and who, by their industry, economy, and skill, may, and we hope will, redeem the colony. The abandonment of nearly all the sugar estates unfavorably situated has deprived of their former employments a large proportion of the predial laborers; but this circumstance has proved less disadvantageous to them than it would otherwise have been, from the cheapness of land, and the facility thereby afforded of becoming small proprietors. Many of these grow provisions on which they chiefly subsist, and they supply the town of St. George with fruit, vegetables, and other articles for the table, at a low price. They also cultivate small patches of cane, which they convert into syrup, or manufacture into sugar, by a rude process. During the short period of our stay in the island, there came in a cargo of liberated Africans. The vessel that brought them was commodious, clean, and well ventilated, and the immigrants were healthy and in good condition; but why they were brought to Grenada it was not very easy to determine, as labor was abundant in the colony, and wages only tenpence a day.

The Lieutenant-governor, in his last Annual Report, says, that "greater economy and attention than heretofore have been bestowed in every rural department, and that the colonists evince a desire of meeting with energy the difficulties of their position." In reference to the laborers, he adds—"The payment of wages has, in many cases, been displaced by the métayer, or share system; or the cultivation is in part carried on by labor of the people for certain days, who, in consideration or exchange for such labor, are allowed the occupation of houses and grounds on estates. The plantations, therefore, are not carried on on a fixed principle, and two adjoining estates may be worked on different systems. Among the expedients adopted by the proprietors in lieu of money wages, it would seem that the share system, which gives a direct interest to the peasantry in cultivation of the land, would be more likely to succeed; but the length of time between the planting and reaping of the cane, and the avoidable delay in converting the produce into money, will render that mode of cultivation successful only with the richer and more energetic class of laborers; and should they, on experience, find the cultivation to be unremunerative, that system will fail even with them."

Some, but we fear very inefficient, attention is paid to education in this colony. We attended a large Anti-Slavery Meeting in the Court house, as we had done previously in Trinidad, and were rejoiced to observe the readiness with which the planters and merchants, assisted by persons in authority, came forward, on both these occasions, to denounce Slavery as an unjust, impolitic and cruel system, and to bear a testimony to the blessings of emancipation.

SAINT VINCENT.

The British steamers that navigate these seas afford considerable facilities for speedy locomotion, and for visiting the beautiful islands that adorn them. In one of these vessels we reached St. Vincent in the early part of 1850, and made a tour of nearly the whole island. It contains 30,000 inhabitants, and is well cultivated. Its principal productions are sugar and arrow root. Nearly all the sugar plantations are owned by absentees, or are under mortgage to consignees in Great Britain, and of course its affairs are less prosperous than would otherwise be the case. There is, however, less reason for complaint here than in some other colonies, and the laborers especially are doing well. The peasantry who work on the sugar estates are estimated at 6,000. Some few are employed by the planters in the cultivation of arrow root, and others cultivate that article on their own account, as well as provisions for the Kingstown market. We traversed the island island in company with the Chief Magistrate of Police, and the Collector of Customs, who kindly offered to assist us. On one of the afternoons of our interesting journey, we received an invitation to turn from the high-road to visit and inspect one of the free villages, which are numerous in this island, and some of which are planted in very lovely spots. The people had come out to meet us; a school of about sixty children formed a lane for us to pass through—the boys took off their caps and bowed, and the whole band repeated in chorus, "And thus we do to welcome you." They then sang their favorite hymn, "O that will be joyful." We entered the house of a black man, the manager of a neighboring estate, and spoke to the people from a landing on the first-floor. They welcomed our coming and going with hearty cheers. The village, called Victoria, has a population of 800 persons. Many of the houses are very good, the alleys or paths between them neat and clean, the gardens fruitful, and, what was to us exceedingly gratifying, no spirit store was suffered to exist in the place. All were teetotallers. The men, women and children, were well-dressed, and seemed as happy as they are free. Such scenes as these it is delightful to witness. Emancipation is said by the enemies of human freedom, to have proved a failure. It is not such to the planters, where they have acted judiciously, and many of them proclaim it a blessing; it is not such to those who were slaves, for they are loud in its praise. Ask the emancipated peasantry which they prefer—the time, or the new? The answer is, "Thank God, massa, for freedom." We overtook an intelligent looking negro on the road, and asked him, among other questions, "What he thought of freedom?" He seemed surprised at our putting such a question to him, and struggling to give utterance to his emotions, he returned an answer which may be taken as a standard of the common feeling:—"Freedom, massa—freedom—freedom is the track of happiness."

The Wesleyan missionaries obtained a footing in this colony, before a single parish church had been erected, and have continued diligently to labor among the people from that period to the present day. They have established some good schools, which, added to those provided by the clergy of the church of England, and the Presbyterians, afford education to a large number of young people. We were pleased to find in Kingstown two schools for boys, and one for girls, which are far from being of a merely elementary character. The duty of marriage is strictly inculcated, and appears to be better regarded than in most of our other colonies. The calender of crime was a light one. We found in the gaol, seven British soldiers, confined for drunkenness and insubordination, and only twenty-three other men, tried and untried, and seven women. Several friendly societies have been instituted, and are in activity. They contribute much, it is said, to the social, and even to the moral improvement of the people. The principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks finds much favor in the colony, and is encouraged by some of the more wealthy and influential inhabitants. The laborers of St. Vincent are said to be *never idle*. They are exemplary in their attendance on public worship, and so far as we ore able to judge, their moral condition is more satisfactory than in any other British colony.

THE PLANTERS.

Amidst all present disadvantages and checks to prosperity, the planters have no ground for despair in this colony, which contains men who are resolved, if possible, to overcome all difficulties, and who will overcome them. Give them a fair stage; do them the justice not to subject them to a competition with slaveowners, who exact of their victims sixteen hours of labor out of the twenty-four, and they ask no favor. The cultivation of arrow-root is extending, and can be prepared for exportation, at a cost of twopence halfpenny per pound, thus bidding fair to become an important article of commerce. Some planters have introduced the nutmeg tree of the East Indies, which appears to thrive well. Cotton is, as yet, cultivated only to a small extent, but if the experiments now making in many parts of the West Indies to re-introduce it, should prove successful, as we think they will, we may confidently look for its adoption here.

The island of St. Vincent, besides being extremely beautiful, contains intelligent, agreeable society. We spent a happy fortnight there, and look upon our visit to it and to its inhabitants with peculiar pleasure.

SAINT LUCIA.

The second month of the year (February) had begun its course, and in order to pursue our onward progress among the islands, without missing any of the most important of them, or staying always for the arrival and departure of the steamer, twice in the month, we engaged a sloop to convey us to St. Lucia. Our friends provided us with fruit and provisions for the voyage, and saw us safe on board. It is painful to beat up against a head-wind in any latitude, and in any craft, but to be compelled to do this in a small vessel, without an awning to protect from a vertical sun, is distressing. Affected by sea sickness, and weary of our unpropitious voyage, we ordered the captain, instead of proceeding to Castries, the capital, to land us at the small town of Souffriera, in a bay of the same name. This town contains about a thousand inhabitants, and we rested there two nights. Near it is a volcano almost extinct, but which still pours out sulphur, and in the vicinity also are the two Piton mountains, 2,700 feet in height, which rise abruptly from the ocean. These mountains are conspicuous from a great distance at sea. St. Lucia, though a larger island than many of the windward group, is but thinly populated. It has 23,000 inhabitants. The planters are chiefly of French descent, and the common people speak a corrupted dialect, very difficult to be understood by a stranger. There are eighty-one sugar estates in operation; of which number, fourteen are held by a single proprietor. Most of the estates are managed by resident owners, who live economically. The ruinous practice of burdening the properties with heavy mortgages prevails less here than in many other colonies. A register is kept of such mortgages, and the amount scarcely exceeded £80,000 for the whole island. Labor is abundant, and wages are low, but capital to carry on and enlarge cultivation is much needed. One planter said to us, "Sugar properties worked by water continue to pay at present prices; if worked by steam, they may perhaps be made to pay; if worked by cattle they occasion a loss. Another planter assured us that St. Lucia, as an exporting colony, was in a rising condition, although it had been thrown back for the last two years in consequence of drought. The island is exceedingly mountainous, which accounts in part for its slender cultivation, and its small population. Another reason is, that it abounds with venomous reptiles. A company of young planters from Barbadoes, who had left home to search in other parts of the West Indies for a country to settle in, told us they shunned St. Lucia from this cause alone. Our stay in the island was limited to a few days, and we had no opportunity to visit estates, or to investigate minutely into the condition of the laborers. Marriages are encouraged by the Roman Catholic priests, and amounted numerically to nearly the same proportion as in England. Only 900 children receive daily instruction at school, and many of these owe their education to the efforts of the Mico charity, which has here a sort of normal establishment under an active and able superintendent. We were informed that the Roman Catholic clergy discourage education, especially the attendance of girls at the Mico schools, both in the town and country, so that the number of this class under instruction is extremely small. A zealous Protestant lady, in one part of the island, has succeeded in procuring for the schools in her locality a larger proportion than in other localities. The Governor, Captain Darling, is anxious to promote and extend education, but his plans, besides being thwarted by the priests, meet with no great favor among others who have influence. We lament the circumstance that no Protestant missionaries are stationed on this island.

According to the Governor's last published official report, with the exception of, perhaps, some 5,000 or 6,000 persons, residing in the towns, the whole population may be said to cultivate the soil in esculents for their own use, and for sale in the towns and villages. About four-fifths of the population are more or less occupied on the plantations. "The quantity of land returned under careful cultivation, in 1847, was 2,937 acres, yielding 4,693 tons of sugar, or an average of about twenty-four cwt. per acre; and in 1848, 3,992 acres, yielding 2,916 tons of sugar, or an average of fifteen cwt. per acre; an amount which sufficiently demonstrate the fluctuating nature of the returns, and the consequently speculative character of sugar production." With respect to the laboring class, the following testimony of the Governor places them in a favorable point of view:—"The laborers certainly have evinced a very considerable degree of commendable moderation and patience, under the adversity of non-payment and reduction of their daily wages; yet it cannot be denied that, in many instances, the diminution of wages, which in some cases has been even to the extent of one-half former rates, has been received with much dissatisfaction, and consequent interruption or total suspension of estates' work. It may be truly said, however, that were the employers more exact and punctual in making weekly or bi-monthly payments of wages, and the week system of payments in kind totally abandoned, there would be infinitely less reluctance on the part of the laborers to accept a reduction of wages, which commercial difficulties have rendered imperative on the part of the planter."

THE FRENCH COLONIES.

To the east of St. Lucia, and in view from its shores, lies the magnificent island of Martinique, to which, though foreigners, we gained ready access by our introduction from the French Government. On arriving at St. Pierre, our ship was boarded by the custom-house officers; who, on learning the object of our visit, politely allowed us to land, and to send our luggage on shore after a very slight inspection. We repaired to the *Hotel des Baines*, where we found handsome accommodation. St. Pierre, the capital of Martinique, although not the seat of government, is a good old town, built after the continental fashion, of high houses and narrow streets, and contains 26,000 inhabitants. It has an abundant supply of good water, which runs down the principal streets in a constantly flowing stream—contributing, at the same time, to its health, beauty, and cleanliness. The environs of the city are very lovely. The British Consul introduced us to the Mayor, who is a young man, a mulatto, and we were told born a slave. His manners are very gentlemanly, and his mind intelligent. This public officer, and the other members of municipal council, are elected to office by the suffrage of all the male inhabitants, including those who have been recently emancipated. The council is composed of citizens of every class and color, who work well together for the general good.

We were introduced also to the Director of the Customs, and the Inspector-General of the Colony, who showed us polite attentions, and gave us some useful information. All these functionaries spoke favorably of the late change from Slavery to freedom. The Mayor expressed his great satisfaction at the good conduct of the people, and his astonishment and delight at the result of emancipation: "C'est magnifique: c'est superbe!" The Director stated his belief, that had it not been for a few men of turbulent character, who took advantage of the revolution, whilst the minds of the people were excited, to spread extravagant notions and inflame extravagant hopes, the great change, though a sudden one, would have been effected without the slightest disturbance. The great body of the late slaves, he said, desired peace and order: they were sound at heart, and behaved well. The first crop of sugar made since the proclamation of freedom was three-fourths as large as before; and although, in 1850, there would be something less than in the previous year, he confidently looked to 1851 as likely to restore agriculture to its former condition. The Inspector-General had nearly concluded his tour of inquiry through the island; and, except in one small district, where strong political excitement prevailed everything was tranquil. He stated that he found the people industrious—the cane fields in good order—and that the country had before it the prospect of abundance and prosperity. The Governor-general, Admiral Bruat, in our visit to him at Fort Royal, also bore his testimony to the general good order of the community, and expressed his desire, now that freedom had come, that education should be extended to all the children of the late slaves. The condition both of the planters and laborers on the island was injuriously affected by the commercial panic incident to the revolution in the mother country. Hence, as well as perhaps from fears entertained by the planters with regard to the results of freedom, little money was in circulation to pay wages and promote industry.

We have not attempted to narrate the visit we paid to the different plantations in our colonies, as it would have swelled our report to an inconvenient length; but we are induced to depart from this course in regard to Martinique, because freedom was only a year old, and the subject needs illustration. We visited three sugar plantations in the neighborhood of St. Pierre. One of these Lareneretier, borders on the town. On this plantation, the late slaves had consented to remain, and work the estate on the *metarrie*, or share system, receiving no wages from their employer, but on the condition of not being charged rent for their houses and grounds, and that they should receive a third share of the whole produce. They had become parties somewhat reluctantly to the agreement,—and the year not having been completed the results were unknown. The land of this estate is fertile, but its limits are narrow, and it yields only 120 small hogsheads of sugar annually. We asked one of the laborers which he regarded as best, Slavery or freedom—the old time or new? He smiled, and said,—"Slavery is past, let us forget it!" Three years ago, to speak on the evils of Slavery would have been a high misdemeanor, and a cause of summary banishment. The shackles are now removed from the lips of freemen, and from the limbs of the slaves. The estate La Montagne belongs to one of the representatives for Martinique, in the House of Assembly at Paris. It has a good mansion, and a considerable number of houses belonging to it, in which the laborers reside. Some of these persons we visited, and found them living contentedly as free people, and working industriously. This estate made 500 small hogsheads in 1848, but only 400 hogsheads in 1849. A person whom he met with, and who is connected with property, hoped in 1851 to realise as large a crop as ever. The slaves lately attached to this estate were 280, of whom only 80 were first-class laborers: the remainder were aged or sick people, or children not old enough to perform heavy work. The labor of the plantation is now performed by fifty able-bodied men and women and their families, who enter the field at six o'clock in the morning, and leave at sun set, taking three hours for food and rest—but not working by night, in crop time, as formerly. The wages of adult labor are a franc, or ten pence sterling, a day. Labor is abundant in this quarter. On the Pelerine estate is the largest mansion we had as yet seen in the West Indies. It once belonged to a religious establishment. The boiling house and the other buildings were good and handsome; and some of the laborers' houses quite respectable in appearance. This property, like its neighbor, "La Montagne," is worked on the system of wages, which is generally much preferred by the peasantry; but the owner complained that he had fewer people to labor for him than he wished—that he could procure no night-work, and that it cost him more to cultivate the estate now than it used to do, with a diminished produce in return. Some of the laborers on these estates left them at the coming in of freedom, and went elsewhere; and although others, from distant places, had come in to fill up the vacuum in part, the numerical strength of all the estates had lessened. Some of the emancipated people have emigrated to other islands—but we believe the number of these is few—and some former slaves, who were fugitives to the British colonies, have returned back, since the declaration of freedom, to live again with their relations and former associates. It is natural to suppose that among the numerous laborers formerly located on sugar estates, a considerable number have partly or wholly, devoted themselves to other employments,—and this circumstance will satisfactorily account for a temporary decrease of exports.

We think the address of the English residents in Martinique to the Governor-General, on the introduction of freedom into that colony, so creditable to our fellow-countrymen, that we here insert it.

St. Pierre, Martinique, June 7, 1848.

To Monsieur Perrinon, Commissary-general of the Republic, Governor of Martinique:

Monsieur le Gouverneur,—The undersigned, subjects of her Britannic Majesty, proprietors, merchants, and residents at Martinique, beg to pay you their respects, and to congratulate you upon your arrival in this beautiful and interesting colony, the government of which has been entrusted to your wisdom and patriotism.

Children of a country which for many years has earnestly sought the abolition of Slavery throughout the universe, and which considered no sacrifice too great in order to eradicate it from the whole of her vast possessions, we could not, without the liveliest pleasure, behold regenerated France enter upon this noble course, so worthy of a great and powerful nation.

In common with all right-minded persons, we deplore the unfortunate occurrences which have deprived you of the ineffable happiness which was destined for you—that of causing the last chains of Slavery to fall at your voice in this colony, of which you are a worthy son. But your name will, notwithstanding, be for ever connected with this great work of justice; and the part which you have taken in it will be considered by posterity as the noblest jewel of your civic crown.

We sincerely desire, Monsieur le Gouverneur, that you may long enjoy the sweet satisfaction which your heart must experience at beholding none but freemen and citizens in your native country. And we take pleasure in believing that the newly liberated negroes, on taking their place in the great French family, will rightly appreciate the immense benefit conferred upon them, and will prove that they are worthy of it.

May our two great nations, so worthy of mutual esteem, no longer contend in anything but the cultivation of the arts of peace, and in the efforts which they shall make to break the last fetters of Slavery in those countries in which it still exists. And may this beautiful and noble colony, so justly named the Queen of the Antilles, become more rich, more happy, and more fertile than ever, by the labor of energetic men, free henceforward from every shackle.

We trust, Monsieur le Gouvernuer, that you will continue to us that kind protection which we have enjoyed under your predecessors. We shall ever prove ourselves worthy of it by our submission to the laws, and by a course of conduct void of reproach.

We are, with respect,
Monsieur le Gouverneur,
Your very humble and obedient servants,

(Signed)

John J. Lawless,	*James Langford,*
James Maxwell,	*William Lawless,*
Richard O'Shaugnessy,	*George Hindley,*
Lewis Paulin,	*John David,*
Alexander Campbell,	*Henry David,*
Robert Begg,	*Charles Labadie,*
Richard Middleton,	*E. Middleton.*

This address was written by Mr. J. Lawless, and read by him, at the head of the other subscribers, to the Governor, who replied in nearly the following terms:—

"Citizens! The English nation was the first to give to the world the noble example of the emancipation of her slaves. France, who is never willing to remain behindhand when great works of justice and humanity are concerned, was moved by her conduct, and darted foward towards the same object, which our noble Republic has had the glory and the happiness to reach. I am flattered by the step which you have taken with regard to me, and I am pleased to find myself surrounded by men who are animated by such noble sentiments, and moved by the same desires as ourselves for the peace and tranquility of the world, and for the complete regeneration of all her inhabitants, without exception. Let us have no more wars, citizens—for war is the scourge of civilization. Let us have no more struggles, except to obtain the abolition of the monstrous system of Slavery, wherever it still exists. I accept your desires for the prosperity of the colony, and I am convinced that many happy and prosperous days are in store for it. I thank you, citizens, for your conduct. I am pleased to see you in this country, and you may rely upon my entire protection."

During our stay in Martinique, we were much indebted to the writer of the address, lately appointed British Consul in that island, for his kind and very useful services.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

☞ We copy the two following of the letters read at the Anti-Fugitive Slave Law Convention, held last week, in Boston:

LETTER FROM JOHN VAN BUREN.

Mr. J. P. Blanchard:

Dear Sir: I have received your favor of the 31st ultimo, inviting me to be present and address a convention of the people of Massachusetts, who are opposed to the Fugitive Slave law, on the 8th instant, at Boston. My engagements here are such as to prevent my complying with your invitation; but I can readily respond to the request which accompanies it, to be informed, by letter, of my sentiments respecting the law referred to.

The act in question professes to carry out the following injunction of the Constitution:

No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up, on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

To avoid misapprehension, I think it proper to say, that, in my opinion, this provision of the Constitution, like all the others, should be faithfully enforced. Perhaps no portion of the people was entirely satisfied with many provisions in the Constitution, yet all were deemed essential to secure its adoption. They all now constitute part of the instrument, and should be alike obeyed in spirit and in letter. It is with this feeling that I consider the provision above quoted, and thus regarding it, it seems to me obvious, that the main, if not the only purpose of those who framed it, was, to prohibit each State from passing laws which should release from labor those legally held to it in another State.

Doubtless the difficulty in the mind of those who drew this section, and the one they primarily intended to guard against, was the necessity of preserving the rights of slaveholders in some of the States when other States should, from time to time, see the wisdom and humanity of abolishing Slavery. They intended that each State should abolish Slavery for itself and not for its neighbors, and that when a State did so abolish Slavery, it should not pass any law which would interfere with the right of a slaveholder to pursue and retake his slave in such free State.

I doubt whether there was any absolute necessity for legislation, either on the part of the State or general government, to enforce this provision. The right of recaption without a breach of the peace, was, in my judgment, the remedy looked to and secured by the prohibition. It was intended, that whatever legal relation in regard to the obligation of service two persons bore to each other by the laws of the State in which they both resided, that relation should not be destroyed by the escape into another State of the one owing service.

But whether the States might or might not legislate to carry out this provision, it seems to me entirely clear, that no power over the subject is given to Congress, either expressly or by implication—and it is to me inexplicable, how those who are so abstemious in the exercise of power over the subject of Slavery by Congress, as to deny the authority to prohibit Slavery in the District of Columbia, or in the teritories of the United States, should have been able to find not only an authority for Congress to legislate in regard to fugitives from service, but an authority so exclusive as to oust the States! This is one of the triumphs of modern ingenuity, and so far as the authority to legislate upon the subject of fugitives from service is concerned, those who claim it for Congress have on their side the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, on a previous act in the case of *Prigg* vs *The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

By this decision, judges in determining the question of authority would probably be concluded. But in a popular discussion of the propriety of a law with a view to its repeal or modification, I presume we are at liberty to believe in opposition to a decision of the Supreme Court. Even the executive and legislative departments deny its authority to bind them. The Supreme Court decided that the Alien and Sedition law was constitutional, and Matthew Lyon was imprisoned under it. The President, Mr. Jefferson, decided that it was not, and pardoned Mr. Lyon. The Supreme Court, decided that Congress could constitutionally charter a Bank of the United States, and that the propriety and necessity of doing so were to be judged by Congress. The President, General Jackson, decided that such an act was unconstitutional, and vetoed it. With these examples before me, I feel authorized to express the opinion which I entertain, that the Fugitive Slave Bill is unconstitutional, because Congress have no power to legislate upon the subject.

But to those who regard the decision of the Supreme Court as conclusive, it is important to consider other objections to the act. Conceding the power to Congress to legislate upon this subject, I think the act in question is unconstitutional, because it does not give the person seized a trial by jury at the place where he is so seized, and before he is put in the custody of the claimant with a warrant to transport him. The error, as it seems to me, with great respect in the legislation of Congress upon this subject, arises from confounding two classes of cases which have no analogy with, or resemblance to each other. I allude to the surrender of fugitives from justice and the seizure of persons held to service—a bare statement of the provision as to fugitives from justice will show this. It is in these words:

A person charged, in any State, with treason, felony or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, he delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime."

The striking differences between the two cases are,

1st. The party seized under the last section is charged with having committed an offence against the public—a fugitive from service has committed no offence against the public. It is no crime, I think, by the laws of Georgia, Virginia or South Carolina, to escape from service, and the laws provide no punishment for it. In Maryland, a law to that effect has recently been passed, but a demand under it, would, of course, be for a fugitive from justice, not for a fugitive from service.

2. The demand under the last section is made by the executive authority of the State—a person held to service is claimed by a private individual.

3d. The fugitive from justice is to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime. The person held to service is to be taken wherever the claimant pleases. I am aware that the act of Congress provides a warrant, which, it says, shall authorize the removal of the fugitive from service to the place whence he fled. But the constitution makes no such provision, nor do I believe it contemplated such a result. The warrant gives the party seized no right to insist upon being carried to the place whence he fled, or upon remaining there when he arrives. If he is seized in New York as a slave, who is alleged to have escaped from his master at Charleston, I see nothing to prevent his being shipped for Brazil, and certainly nothing to prevent his being sold in any slaveholding State through which he may be carried, and it is not notoriously the practice, after exhibiting a recovered slave to the other slaves on a plantation as a warning, to sell and remove him to other parts. The framers of the constitution saw no necessity for removing them to the State whence they fled. They were not, like criminals, to be tried for an offence where it had been committed. They had committed no offence. They had no occasion to be tried anywhere, and I have never heard that a slave who was restored to his master was in any way publicly proceeded against for escaping.

These glaring distinctions between fugitives from justice, and fugitives from service, seem to have been overlooked by the Congress of 1793, which first legislated upon the subject. The act of that year grew out of the refusal of Virginia to surrender three persons who were demanded by the executive of Pennsylvania, as charged with the crime of kidnapping a free man in the latter state.

The executive of Virginia refused to comply with this request, although the constitution made it his duty, on the ground that no legislation had ever prescribed the manner in which, and the person by whom such surrender should be made. (1 Am. State Papers, miscellaneous 38, 39.) President Washington, on the request of the Executive of Pennsylvania, laid the matter before Congress, and thus the act of 1793 was passed. The attention of Congress being directed only to the case of fugitives from justice, they seemed to have overlooked the distinction between such fugitives and those held to service, provided the same summary proceedings for the surrender of both. So far as the act devolved upon state officers the duty of its execution, it was pronounced by the Supreme Court unconstitutional.—(See Martin vs. Hunter's Lessee, 1 Wheaton, 306. Also, Prigg vs. Penn'a Commonwealth, 16 Peters 630.) This restricted the operation of the act to a very limited range, and the small number of cases arising under it, do not seem to have excited general inquiry into its constitutionality. But it seems to me the distinctions I have adverted to, show that no argument in favor of the fugitive slave act can be drawn from the usage of nations, or the provision of the constitution in conformity to it which regulates the extradition of criminals. These relate to a public offender—the act in question seeks to enforce a private right—the former is regulated by the public authorities—the latter is a claim instituted by an individual—the former is preliminary and contemplates a future trial at the proper place—the latter is conclusive of the right for the time and probably forever, and neither looks to nor needs any future trial. In my judgment, the claim of service secured by the constitution, if it requires a law to enforce it, and if Congress can pass such a law, can only be provided for by an act which secures the trial of the question in a regular suit before a jury.

The seventh amendment to the constitution provides that "in suits at common law, where the "value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, "the right of trial by jury shall be preserved," &c. This amendment, as well as the fifth, which declares "that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or "property, without due process of law," grew out of the opposition manifested to the adoption of the constitution, because it did not in terms, provide for the trial by jury in civil cases. It is needless to remind an American of the anxiety with which this institution has been watched. It is well described by Mr. Justice Story, in the case of Parsons vs. Bedford, 3 Peters, 446. Justice Story also explains what is meant by "a suit at common law," in the section quoted. It covers all suits, except those of equity, admiralty, or maritime jurisdiction; and the judiciary act of 1789, chap. 20, sections 9, 12, and 13, carries this construction into practical operation.—It will hardly be claimed that Congress can take a *case* which entitles a party to a jury, and deprive him of a jury by converting it into a summary proceeding, or that they can in the same way deprive him of his liberty or property without due process of law. If they could do this, the trial by jury and due process of law secured by the constitution, become a mockery. Treating this as a mere question of property exceeding twenty dollars in value, I entertain no doubt that it is a case where a jury trial is secured by the constitution.

It will be remarked that the provision as to persons held to service, has no reference to the color of the person's skin, who is thus held, to the kind or degree of service. The word "slave" was purposely omitted from the constitution; and although I think that this relation was the one in the mind of the framers of the constitution when this section was drawn, still its language, and the language of the act in question, embraces apprentices, and all other persons held to service. If a jury trial, then, is not secured where a claim of service is made, the remarkable result would be that, if a claimant from New Orleans demands my writing desk at New York, he must try titles with me here before a jury but if he demands me, I can have no such trial.—Is there a difference between a claim of labor and a claim of other property? and is the difference such that, when the claim of labor involves the liberty of a person, the defendant forfeits the right of trial by jury? It may be said that a person seized can try the question of his right to freedom by a jury at the place whence he fled. This is a consolation, to be sure, to a man whose freedom has been destroyed by seizure and transportation from his home; and if he could get his witnesses to the place where the claimant concludes to take him, he could have a trial. But the act in question provides no jury trial anywhere; there is no obligation on the claimant to take the person he seized to any particular place; and if I have a right to try the question of title to property I hold at the place where the property is, and where the demand is made, how can it be argued that I have no such right when the demand made is for my thews and sinews? It is urged that juries would not surrender verdicts in favor of claimants where the right was established. This does not correspond with my observation of jury trials. If, on the contrary, whatever prejudice jurors may feel against a law, I have hardly ever known them to fail in obeying the directions of the court upon a point of law. It is also suggested, that the expense of recovering a fugitive by this mode would amount to a destruction of the right. If such an evil exist, it is incident to this unfortunate relation. It certainly furnishes no reason why the constitution should be violated, and a safeguard broken down in reference to the liberty of a human being, which is secured to him in defending a horse or a bale of cotton. But I am passing far beyond the limits of a letter, and devoting more time to the answer of your note than I can well snatch from professional engagements. I must pass over the objection to that provision, which devolves the duties of a court upon a commissioner—a tribunal unknown to the constitution. I can only glance at the provision at the close of the sixth section of the act which declares that the certificate granted under it shall be conclusive of the right of the claimant to remove the alleged fugitive, and shall prevent all molestation "of such person by any process issued by any court, "judge, magistrate or other person whatsoever."—In my opinion, this provision suspends the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* in a case not excepted by the constitution. I am aware that the Attorney General of the United States has decided, that a party seized under this act, may still have the writ of *habeas corpus*; but if it appears on the return to it that he is held under a warrant, or certificate, issued in conformity to this act, he must be remanded, to the custody of the marshal or the claimant. The virtue of a writ of *habeas corpus* is, that it enables a party to institute an inquiry into the cause of his imprisonment, and if he is not charged with a crime or committed by the final judgment of a court of competent jurisdiction, as a general rule, to be discharged, unless the right to detain him is established by proof. This I understand to be "*the privilege*" of the writ meant by the constitution. If it had been the idle ceremony described by the Attorney General, I do not believe the privilege would originally have caused such a struggle to wrest it from a sovereign or would have been so jealously guarded by the United States constitution, and the bills of rights in the several States. There is a single other provision of this remarkable act that I must not omit to notice. It is new, so far as I recollect—I allude to section 10—which provides in substance that a party may go before any court of record in any State or Territory, or in the District of Columbia, or any judge thereof in vacation, and make proof of an escape, and that the person escaping owed service to such party; thereupon the court shall cause a record to be made of the matters so proved, with a general description of the person escaping, with such convenient certainty as may be—"and a transcript of such record authenticated by the attestation of a clerk and of the seal of said court being produced in any other State, territory or district in which the person so escaping may be found, and being exhibited to any judge, commissioner or other officer authorized by the law of the United States to cause persons escaping from service or labor, to be delivered up, *shall be held and taken to be full and conclusive evidence of the fact of escape and that the service or labor of the person escaping is due to the party in such record mentioned.*" The section authorizes further evidence to be given if the claimant chooses, but it is not to be supposed that having a record which is declared by law to be "full and conclusive evidence" of the escape and the service due, and which contains a description of the person claimed, he would offer additional testimony, unless, possibly, on the subject of identity. The Judges of the United States Court have generally held, that in the summary proceedings authorized by the other sections of the act, they are at liberty to receive counter evidence on the part of the person claimed, to give him a hearing, and if he proves he does not owe the service, to set him free. But they would hardly venture to receive such evidence in a case arising under the tenth section, and they certainly would not dare to allow it, on the question of escape or service due, to overcome a record which the statute makes full and conclusive evidence against the person seized, as to both. It will be observed that a party is thus condemned in his absence, without a notice or a hearing, and a record of his condemnation made, which is conclusive against him when he does appear. Monstrous as this consequence is, it is the natural result of placing the claimed service upon the same footing with the extradition of criminals. It does not require a knowledge of law, to be advised that such a proceeding as this strikes at the foundation of justice, and tramples upon the elementary principles of jurisprudence. Without the preliminary steps which in any civilized country have been held necessary to acquire jurisdiction either of the person or thing proceeded against, an exparte record is made, which is full and conclusive, to condemn a human being to a bondage which may be perpetual; if such a record was introduced in any court where judicial proceedings have semblance of justice to establish the right to an animal not absolutely *feræ naturæ*, it would be scouted from the court with ridicule and contempt.

But Congress have made it conclusive proof of the Slavery of a fellow-creature. If a suitor of one of our northern ladies should claim their ear-rings or breastpins with such a record, he would fail; but if he demands their persons the record is conclusive It is needless to add, that I think this section intrepidly defies the provision of the United States constitution, which declares that no person shall be deprived of life liberty or property, without due process of law. But we are told we must not discuss these subjects. Those who are daily writing, speaking, meeting, dancing, and dining, to put down agitation, admonish us to be silent. We are told that Congress have adopted a system of compromise measures on the subject of Slavery which must not be disturbed. My recollection of the occurrences referred to is different from this. I think, as a system, they failed; the bill which embodied them as a compromise was defeated; the omnibus was upset. Even the most distinguished men who advocated them in a lump, took no part in their final passage. It was not until the distinguished chairman of the committee of thirteen retired from an eight months' campaign in the Senate, which he lost, to re-invigorate his system in the waters of Newport, and his able associate, as a fugitive from the justice of Massachusetts, escaped into the cabinet of President Fillmore, that the several bills on the subject of Slavery in the United States separately passed into laws. Each of them must, therefore, now stand or fall by itself.

Again, we were told that the Union of these States is in danger. This information comes to me, at least, exclusively from politicians and merchants engaged in a particular branch of business. Without intending to say anything in the least disrespectful of either of these highly respectable classes of traders, I cannot overlook the fact that they are both seeking Southern support. Their interests, therefore, may mislead their judgments, and certainly their anxiety may magnify, if not make the danger. So far as I know the feeling of the north, there is a universal devotion to the Union, and a general willingness to secure to the slaveholder his full constitutional rights. I believe the devotion to the Union is almost equally universal at the south. The signal failure of the two Nashville Conventions—the moderated tone of Georgia; Alabama and Mississippi—the loyalty, wisdom and patriotism of Virginia, North Carolina, Texas, Kentucky, Louisiana and Tennessee—all serve to show that the affection for the Union which ought to be the common sentiment of every American, and the brotherly love and mutual respect that should cement it, are limited to no section, but pervade the entire Republic. There are, and have been, two unions in danger, which alarms the aged politician—I refer to the union of National Whigs and the union of National Democrats. Those two organizations have been shaken, if not dissolved by the agitation of the Slavery question, and those who derive consequence or a livelihood from either, have been naturally alarmed at the danger to those unions. But the Union of these States, in my humble judgment, has never been in danger since 1832. I distrust political panics, and Washington cries of alarm. I appeal from the clevers and fainting at the Capitol to the sound health and steady pulse of the nation. There is not a farmer, or mechanic, or laboring

man in the United States, in my judgment, that believes the Union in danger. I appeal from the artificial heat of partizan orators and writers, to the more certain thermometer of Wall street. United States stocks, during all the alleged danger to the Union, have stood firm or advanced. But there is no need of producing this evidence. Those who have assumed a monopoly of saving the Union, I believe now concede that it is out of danger—they find leisure now to save themselves.

But I must bring this unreasonably long communication to a close. I have availed myself of this occasion to discuss the constitutionality of the Act concerning fugitives. I have treated it as the Constitution treats it, altogether as a question of property, wholly omitting to advert to the questions of humanity and freedom, so intimately connected with it. I have assigned the reasons why I think it unconstitutional, without stopping to consider how it shocks every notion of justice and right. I do not believe there is a civilized country on earth, that would now enact such a law. I do not intend to confine this remark to governments which permit a trial by jury, nor to free governments, nor to Christian governments; but I design to say that no civilized government would tolerate the seizure and subjection to bondage of one of its citizens or subjects, in the mode that this law allows, if it does not invite. But I have referred altogether to its unconstitutionality. How are its consequences to be avoided? So far as this is to be done by legislation, it seems to me the remedy is with the State Legislatures. An excellent bill for that purpose has been introduced into our Assembly, by Mr. Coffin, of Otsego, and I trust it may become a law. It does not presume to legislate for fugitive slaves. It protects the free inhabitants of our own State, and presumes all the inhabitants to be free.

Other States will, of course, legislate as they deem wise. In the meantime every individual should determine for himself, what respect he will pay to the act of Congress in question. There is a distinction between an unjust and an unconstitutional law. The former must be obeyed till it is repealed. Disobedience to the latter is frequently the only mode of testing its unconstitutionality. A distinguished advocate of our State, the judge of one of our oldest and most tranquil counties, recently adopted this mode of testing the constitutionality of a city ordinance. It is far from my wish to offer any advice to others upon this subject. I have already said that the law applies to persons of all colors, and to service of every kind, and I would simply add, that if I should be seized under this law, I should resist it with all the means I could command.

Respectfully, yours,
J. VAN BUREN.

New York, April 4, 1851.

LETTER FROM WM. H. SEWARD.

AUBURN, Saturday, April 5, 1851.

DEAR SIR: Your letter inviting me to attend a Convention of the People of Massachusetts opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law, and to communicate in writing my opinion on that statute, if I should be unable to attend the Convention, has been received.

While offering the pressure of duties here too long deferred as an apology for non-attendance, I pray you to assure the Committee in whose behalf you act, of my profound sense of their courtesy and kindness. I would be an honor to be invited to address the people of Massachusetts on any subject, but it might well satisfy a generous ambition to be called upon to speak to that great and enlightened Commonwealth, on a question of Human Rights and Civil Liberty.

I confess, Sir, that I have earnestly desired not to mingle in the popular discussions of the measures of the last Congress. The issue involves the claims of their advocates and adversaries in the public councils, to the confidence of the country. Some of those advocates have entered the political arena criminating those from whom they had differed, while others have endeavored by extraordinary means, either to control discussion, or to suppress it altogether, and thus they have shown themselves disqualified by prejudice or interest, for practising that impartiality and candor which the occasion demanded.

I am unwilling even to seem to imply by reiterating arguments already before the public, either any distrust of the position of those with whom I stood in Congress, or impatience for that favorable popular verdict which I believe to be near, and know to be ultimately certain.

Nevertheless, there can be no impropriety in my declaring, when thus questioned, the opinions which will govern my vote upon any occasion when the Fugitive Slave Law shall come up for review, in the National Legislature. I think the act singularly unwise, because it is an attempt by a purely Federative Government to extend this economy of Slave States, throughout States which repudiate Slavery as a moral, social and political evil. Any despotic Government would awaken sedition from its profoundest slumbers by such an attempt.

The attempt by this Government has aroused constitutional resistance, which will not cease until the effort shall be relinquished. He who teaches another faith than this, whether self-deceived or not, misleads. I think, also, that the attempt was unnecessary; that political ends—merely political ends—and not real evils, resulting from the escape of slaves, constituted the prevailing motives to the enactment.

I think, also, that the details of the measure are indefensible; that the denial to the alleged fugitive of a trial of his alleged obligation to labor, and of his escape from it, by a Court, and nothing less than a Court of Justice, constitutionally organized, and proceeding according to the course of the common law within the State where he is claimed, is palpably in derogation of the Constitution; that the rules of evidence which the law prescribes are oppressive of the weak and defenceless, and that Christendom might be searched in vain for a parallel in the provisions which make escape from bondage a crime, by a law retro-active in its effect, and without limitations of time to favor the presumption of freedom, which, under rigorous penalties, compel freemen to aid in the capture of slaves, and which offer unmistaken inducements to false claims and false judgments. Finally, whatever changes of opinions others may have undergone, I retain my earliest convictions that the constitutional provision on which the law purports to be founded, is merely a compact between the States; and that the Congress of the United States have no jurisdiction of the subject.

Nor is the law, which is so obnoxious in itself, commended to my favor by its connection with what are called the other means of compromise. Compromise implies a mingling of truth and error, right and wrong. One of those affiliated measures denied the admission of New Mexico, because she had determined to come in as a free State, and remanded her, with permission to come back in the habiliments of Slavery. Another distinctly intimated to the Mormons the consent of Congress that they should, if they could, plant a Slave State in the very recess of the continent. A third abolished a public slave mart in the City of Washington, without abating either the extent or duration of Slavery in the District of Columbia. A fourth obtained peace on humiliating terms from one of the youngest and feeblest members of the Confederacy, in an attitude of sedition. While a fifth only reluctantly admitted California as a Free State, when she had refused to contaminate herself with Slavery. Which one of these measures has superfluous merit, to be received in extenuation of the Fugitive Slave law? But we are told, that bad as these measures were, they were the best that could be obtained. On the contrary, there were always votes enough for the admission of California. The Thirty-First Congress, might have admitted her, and left the other questions to another Congress, which instructed by the people, might have done better, and certainly could not have done worse.

Nor do I find the Fugitive Slave Law growing in my favor on the ground of the already falsified promise of an end of the agitation of Slavery in the Republic, an agitation which, whether beneficent or otherwise, is as inseparable from our political organization, as the winds and clouds are from the atmosphere that encircles the earth.

I have weighed, moreover, the argument that some portion of the people in some of the States have made the perpetuity of the Fugitive Slave Law a condition of new declarations of loyalty to the Union. That loyalty is a duty resulting from the Constitution, and is equally due, whether the measures of administration are satisfactory or unsatisfactory. I regret that anything should have happened to encourage a belief, that loyalty could be accepted on conditions, and especially on the condition of forbearing to repeal a repealable statute But since it is so, I can only say that we, on whom the recent action of the Government bears, as it seems to us, so unjustly, are in the Union, for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, whether in a majority, or in a minority, whether in power or powerless, without condition, reservation, qualification or limitation, for ever and aye; that we are in the Union, not because we are satisfied with the Administration, but whether satisfied or not, not at all by means of compromises or understandings but by virtue of the Constitution, and that all other parties are in the Union on the same terms, for the same tenure, and by virtue of the same obligation, and so they will find their case to be when they offer to plead violations of extra constitutional conditions to justify secession. Whatever is irrepealable in any of the acts of Congress, no one will be mad enough to attempt to repeal. Whatever is repealed in these acts, and whatever shall be repealable in future acts of Congress, whether it shall favor Freedom or Slavery, no matter under what circumstances, nor with what auspices, with what solemnities it may have been adopted, must abide the trial of experience, of reason, and of truth. It is only in this way that the Constitution can be maintained, and the Union can be saved. Its security consists in the adaptation to the physical and moral necessities of the broad and ever extending empire which it protects and defends, and in the facility with which without violence, or sudden change, errors of administration can be corrected, and new exigencies can be met, so that the State, free or slaveholding, which may at any time be least favored, will at all times be safer under this Government when worst administered, than it would be under any other, however wisely administered or favorably conducted.

I think, my dear Sir, that all this is virtually confessed now by those who, while they see that their complicated schemes, that suppression of free debate, which they thought essential to the safety of the Union, have failed, nevertheless admit that the Union is no longer in danger; and therefore I think that we may at last congratulate ourselves on the discovery, that not only are extra Constitutional compromises unnecessary, but that the Union has strength and stability enough to endure, notwithstanding that such compromises, under the influence of an unwise legislative distrust, are sometimes unnecessarily and unavailingly made.

I am, Sir, with great respect, your humble servant,
WILLIAM H SEWARD.

JOHN A. ANDREW, Esq., Secretary of the Committee to call a Convention of the people of Massachusetts, on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, Boston.

E. G. will find a package at 21 Cornhill.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1851.

Seventeenth Anniversary
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

BY the 8th article of the Constitution, it is provided that "the Annual Meeting of the Society shall be held each year at such time and place as the Executive Committee may direct." Hitherto, since the formation of the Society, the annual meeting has been uniformly held in the city of New York, and usually in the Broadway Tabernacle. So absolute, however, is the sway of the Slave Power in this city, and such the fear of mobocratic excesses, (stimulated by "THE UNION COMMITTEE" on the one hand, and the lawless RYNDERS and his crew on the other,) that no meeting-house or hall, in this great city, can be procured, either for the love of liberty or for gold, for the accommodation of the Society. Neither in the adjacent city of Brooklyn can any suitable building be obtained for this purpose.

Leaving these cities to the historical infamy which awaits them, the Executive Committee, in accordance with the urgent request of the friends of impartial liberty in Western New York, hereby give notice that the Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held at SYRACUSE, (N. Y.) on WEDNESDAY, May 7th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.—at which time and place they earnestly invite a full attendance of its members and friends; believing that the crisis is such, in the conviction of every intelligent mind, both as to the preservation of our own liberties and the emancipation of the millions who are still clanking the fetters of Slavery, as to render needless any special appeal.

It is with great pleasure the Committee announce that their distinguished and eloquent coadjutor, GEO THOMPSON, M. P., has promised to give his attendance, and participate in the proceedings. The Rev. THEODORE PARKER, of Boston, has also signified his intention to be with us on the occasion, if practicable, as well as other able advocates of "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY." A series of meetings, of the most interesting and stirring character, may be confidently expected. Much reliance is placed on the readiness and determination of the friends of the cause at the West to improve this opportunity to commune with their brethren from the East.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*
WENDELL PHILLIPS, SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, } *Secretaries.*

☞ Editors of papers are respectfully requested to notify their readers of the time and place of holding this Anniversary.

THE BOSTON SLAVE CASE.

THE case of Sims in Boston is at length concluded, and the municipal authorities of the City, the power of the General Government, the National and the State judicial authority and influence, all combined, have succeeded after a ten days' severe struggle, in thrusting back into Slavery a poor creature who so loved liberty that he perilled life, and was willing to endure any privation to secure it. The faithfulness of Massachusetts to the Compromises, her determination to abide by the Constitution and the Union, and her complete subserviency to the Slave Power is thus secured—till the next slave case. Though Sims is on his way to Georgia, though all the legal ingenuity of his friends has been exhausted in vain, though the writ of *habeas corpus* is a dead letter in Massachusetts, though a Slave has been carried almost quietly down that very street where once blood flowed because the people would not submit to taxation without representation, and though a shout of exultation goes up through all the land that Slave-catching is a laudable and legitimate business in the Old Bay State, nevertheless the friends of Freedom have no cause for despair. Our most devout and earnest prayer is that the enemies of Liberty may be so intoxicated with their success that they will follow it up with more Slave-catching, and more and more. This is not the first time that the people of Massachusetts have suffered a most triumphant defeat, nor the first time that their enemies have had a most disastrous victory. Neither the Institution of Slave-hunting, nor even the Union itself, can survive many such struggles. A few more such defeats and the friends of Liberty must triumph,—a few more such victories and its enemies must surrender at discretion.—Passion can have no part in the consideration of this case, but reason and justice alone must be the umpires. And we have faith that reason and justice are still the characteristics of the people of Massachusetts.

We subjoin below an account of the progress of the case during the past few days. Matters of less consequence must have the go-by for another week. We are compelled to trust to such reports as the Telegraph brings to the morning papers of this city, or to such as appear in the pro-slavery papers of Boston, which, though they are doubtless accurate as to the main facts, are more or less perverted to suit the purposes of the writers. Abolitionists know well enough, however, how tract the true from the false.

BOSTON, April 11, 1851.

At eight o'clock, last night, Judge Woodbury came into chambers to hear an application from Charles Sumner, R. H. Dana, jun., and S. E. Sewall, in favor of granting a *habeas corpus* in the case of Simms, on the ground that the warrant issued by the United States Commissioner, to hold Simms on a charge of assaulting officer Butman, with intent to kill, was illegal.

Mr. Dana addressed some preliminary remarks to his honor in support of the grounds of the petition, and was followed on a similar argument by Mr. Sumner.

Simms himself alleged that he had been for some days held in custody; that the Commissioner had caused to issued a process against him for resisting and assaulting officer Butman while in the service of a legal process or warrant, which he complained was contrary to his right. The U. S. marshal, though requested by the petitioner's counsel, had failed to bring him, the petitioner, before the commissioner, (Hallett), named in the warrant. The prisoner had desired a hearing in the case, and suggested that the said warrant was null and void. Mr. Sumner held that the proof of the marshal showed no jurisdiction, and was therefore invalid. The commissioner was an inferior magistrate of this Court, and could take jurisdiction of no offence. It did not appear from the process that Asa O. Butman was an officer of the United States, duly authorized to serve a process; thereforé the warrant was nugatory and void. The warrant was issued on oath, and it was equally necessary that the magistrate should have jurisdiction of the offence. The warrant required the prisoner to be brought before the magistrate forthwith, but he had not yet been, though held several days in custody. Mr. Sumner also introduced the following affidavit of Thomas Simms, and argued that his honor was authorized in this case to issue to the marshal the writ of *habeas corpus* to bring the person before him:

I, Thomas Simms, of Savannah, Ga., now in confinement in Boston, on oath do testify and say, that I believe the warrant from Commissioner Hallet, on which I am now arrested, was not issued for the real purpose of having me tried, but for the fraudulent purpose of assisting the marshal in sending me to Georgia, as a fugitive from service, and preventing me from obtaining a jury trial in regard to the claim I make to my freedom. I believe the said warrant to be a trick against my freedom. (Signed) THOS. SIMMS.

Commonwealth of Mass., Suffolk, ss, April 10, 1851. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

[Signed) J. E SEWALL, Justice of the Peace.

Judge Woodbury replied that he could not go into the question of what the real reason of the delay was.—Such delay as had occurred might be with perfect reason on different accounts; but it was competent to ascertain now whether the warrant was valid or not. He should issue a writ of *habeas corpus*, and order a release from the marshal forthwith, but whether or not he was to be discharged fully, was quite another thing—it was a question of law and justice.

The prisoner (Simms) was brought before his honor, when R. B. Curtiss and Rufus Choate appeared in behalf of the marshal, and the former read the return, and also the orders from the Commissioner's Court, for the remanding of the prisoner, from time to time, from the custody of the marshal. He was desired by the marshal to state that two parties held an interest in this case—the United States and Massachusetts. The marshal was advised by counsel that his return was not transferable.

Mr. Sumner wished for delay, for the purpose of collecting evidence of the unreasonableness of the delay by the marshal in bringing Simms before the commissioner for the offence charged.

Judge Woodbury suggested that he had consented to come into chamber this evening, on the urgent solicitation of the counsel of Simms, with the express stipulation that the matter would then be finally disposed of. He had told them that he would much prefer to have them before him in Court, but they insisted. His Honor observed that, during the Crafts affair, an application was made to him in chamber, for the issue of a process, and he declined doing it, but advised a party to apply to him in Court. The party did so apply, and his Honor got the counsel in a case in hearing to give way, and issued the warrant.

Mr. Sumner still prayed for delay until Friday P. M. or Saturday morning.

Judge Woodbury finally consented to an adjournment until 3 o'clock this afternoon, and ordered the marshal to keep the prisoner in custody there, to be brought to him.

The adjournment took place at a quarter past 11.

THE DECISION OF JUDGE WOODBURY.

The *habeas corpus*, in the case of Thomas Sims, came up before Judge Woodbury, this afternoon.

Mr. Sewall, counsel for the defendant, moved that the Court appoint a person to serve a writ of personal replevin, the United States Marshal being a party to the suit.

Seth J. Thomas stated that as attorney for Mr. Potter, the claimant of Sims, he held in his hand a certificate from G. T. Curtis, U. S. Commissioner, remanding Sims back to Georgia as a fugitive. He therefore moved that he be considered the only counsel of said Sims, who now stood, as regards his master, in the situation of guardian and ward.

Mr Sewall replied, that this might be the law in slave States, but not in Massachusetts.

Judge Woodbury replied, by asking of Mr. Sewall, if Massachusetts was not now a State of the Union which acknowledged the institution of Slavery, whose House of Representatives has forced it first upon it? For his part he thanked God that Massachusetts was yet a part of the Union—(Here the applause and cheering in the Court room was so great that the marshal was obliged to call out loudly for order.)

Mr. Sumner commenced his arguments on the question that the writ by which Sims was held in custody by the Marshal was illegal and fraudulent. He proceeded at length.

The Judge was replied to by Mr. B. R. Curtis, for the Marshal.

Judge Woodbury decided that the warrant, in his opinion, was legal and proper; and taking into consideration the circumstances which are now surrounding him—the crowded court rooms, and the people in the streets near the court house, the danger of the rescue of the prisoner, &c., the Marshal was justified in the course he had pursued. The offence charged is certainly a serious one, striking at the root of all society; it is a resistance to law. And should the officers fail to prosecute it, unless for good and sufficient reason, they will be highly culpable, especially at this time, when resistance to law, and assaults upon its officers, are so freely counselled in certain quarters. He concluded by remanding Sims to the custody of the Marshal.

The usual affidavit that he fears a rescue, has been made by the agent of the claimant; and probably such a force of police, military, &c., will be detailed to carry Sims out of the State, as will render even an attempt at rescue impossible.

THE DECISION OF THE COMMISSIONER—SURRENDER OF THE FUGITIVE TO HIS CLAIMANT, ETC.

At nine o'clock, this morning, the Commissioner proceeded to give his opinion in the case of Sims. He stated, that the hearing had been continued from day to-day, since Friday last, and his decision was now to be made; and, as no court had interposed to relieve him from the responsibility, he should not shrink from it. He was here to decide a great question of law, on his conscientious convictions of the truth. He should state his own convictions of the various questions which had been discussed. The first was, that a Commissioner had no right to decide this case, inasmuch as he was not clothed with judicial power. He admitted, fully, that a claim of this sort came under the judicial power of the United States; and the question was whether or not Congress had provided proper acts empowering the commissioners to exercise any of such powers. By act of 1842 there was an authorization of commissioners to act judicially, to a certain extent, and it was quite a common thing for them to arrest, examine and imprison offending seamen, and others, holding them in prison until finally tried. This was a degree of judicial power. The counsel for the alleged fugitive had contended that an act of restoration by the Commissioner here would inevitably consign the prisoner to perpetual Slavery. He did not agree with the counsel fully on this point. The rendition of slaves escaped from one State to another, was of the same nature as the rendition of fugitives from justice, only the one was to his owner, and the other to a State.

—All that came before the magistrate before the prisoner was arraigned, was simply the question of removal. It was ascertained, or passed upon, whether the act of Congress of 1850 authorized commissioners to issue a certificate for removal, on finding evidence that the claim of the owner is sustained. The liberty of the party was not in final consultation here; therefore the ground assumed by counsel for the prisoner that, as a question of property, the prisoner was entitled to a trial by jury here, was untenable. The Commissioner reviewed the law, cited authorities, and then took a careful review of the evidence, and said there was no doubt in his mind that the claim of the agent of Mr. Potter was well founded on fact, and said, "I deem it my duty to grant a certificate for his removal back to Georgia. I, therefore, do grant it."

Mr. SEWALL rose and suggested to the Commissioner that the prisoner had a question pending before Judge Woodbury which he desired now to pursue.

The Commissioner said, "I have consulted with Judge Woodbury this morning, and he assured me that the matter had no relation in this case, and the certificate I have already granted."

The fugitive Simms was then taken from the Court room under the direction of the marshal.

A great crowd was collected in the neighborhood of the court house during the delivery of the Commissioner's decision, but all was peaceable.

THE PEOPLE OF BOSTON VOLUNTEERING TO ESCORT SIMMS AND RESIST ANY ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE—ABOLITION MEETING, ETC.

The Mayor sent a request to persons in the north part of the city, desiring one hundred volunteers to assist in escorting Sims. The men were notified to meet at the Marine Railway, in Commercial street, and march to the City Hall at 8 A. M. Instead of one hundred, two hundred and fifty men have signified their intention to comply with the request.

The meeting of Abolitionists at the Temple to-day was rather tame. No incendiary speeches was made there.

The city is very much excited to night, but not the least disposition to resist the law is perceptable in the crowd. About the courts hardly a colored person can be seen.

BOSTON, April 12, 1851.

After the decision of Judge Woodbury, last night, that there was no ground to interfere with the certificate of Mr. Curtis, remanding Sims, preparations began to be made to convey him back, and the brig Acorn was hauled to the end of Long Wharf, having been previously fitted up for an extra number of passengers.

The witnesses were followed from Judge Woodbury's Court to their hotel by about one thousand persons; but the Southerners were accompanied by too large a police force to warrant an attack. They received cheers, groans and hisses, but a cry for "three cheers for Daniel Webster and the constitution" was responded to in a glorious manner.

During the night, Court Square was filled with a crowd who were collected in knots, discussing the matter, and occasionally hooting at the officers. There were a number of females amongst them.

The proceedings in and about the court house were closely watched by the Abolitionists At about 3 o'clock, detachments of the city watch, to the number of 150, armed with clubs and hooks, were brought into the neighborhood of Court Square—the police force, under Marshal Tukey, armed with short swords, assembled in the Square, went through some evolutions, and finally formed in a hollow square in front of the side entrance to the court house. After all was ready, word was given to the U. S. Marshal, and Sims was brought down and placed in the centre of the square. He appeared to be in good spirits, his limbs being free from irons or handcuffs of any description. The procession was led by the U. S. Marshal and his deputies, followed by the armed police They proceeded through Court and State sts., and down Long Wharf, followed by about one hundred Abolitionists, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Culver. Not the least attempt at violence was made. Mr. Culver and other persons in the crowd occasionally denounced the proceedings, and called for the thunderbolts of heaven to be poured down upon them.

A person with rather loud lungs, as the procession passed down State street, recited the events of the Boston massacre that occurred in that street before the revolution.

When the procession reached the wharf, the brig was found to be all ready, with the steamer Hornet alongside, with her steam up. Sims was taken immediately into the cabin.

The Acorn had two cannons on board, to protect her from any assault on the passage. The word was given to let go the fastenings, and she was soon under way. About thirty police officers accompanied the vessel as far as the steamer went, as a protection. Four officers of this city, including U. S. Deputy Marshals Savin and Byrne, will accompany the fugitive in the vessel to Savannah.

Just as the vessel was about to leave the wharf, some of the crowd sang several hymns, such as "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Oh! there will be Mourning," "At the Judgment Seat of Christ," "Be Thou, oh God, exalted high," &c.

One man, just as Sims was going below, called out to him to preach liberty to the slave, and as the brig was departing, the Rev. Mr. Foster, orthodox minister, of Concord, made the following prayer:

"Almighty God, Thou seest this poor man, one of thy children, borne away by oppressors. Thou art the friend of all who suffer wrong; and we have now no hope but in Thee; that hope is still unshaken. Thy promises endure for ever, and now we beseech Thee to show Thy power and love, in blessing this dear brother, who is carried by force to the land of whips and chains. Oh God, make him a missionary of power to awaken a love of justice and liberty that shall end in the speedy overthrow of the accursed system which now causes millions of bleeding hearts. In mercy, Heavenly Father, do thou destroy the wicked power which rules us. Give us righteous men to administer just laws; forgive the wickedness of our rulers, and lead them to true and lasting repentance. Pity the wretched man who now goes in fetters over the waves; pity and bless his brethren in chains; hasten the day when all men shall be free, and thine shall be the glory Amen"

It was just five when Sims left. The Abolitionist Vigilance Committee met at half-past five, and passed a resolution, respectfully asking the people of Massachusetts to toll the bells in the several towns, as the intelligence reaches them of the return of a fugitive slave from this Commonwealth. They have also appointed a meeting for religious services on the occasion.

The fugitive was warmly and comfortably clad in garments provided by the United States Marshal. He stated that he was willing to go during the evening. He refused to sign any more papers drawn up by the abolitionists, saying that he was tired of the business.

The military in considerable numbers were at their armories and Faneuil Hall, but there was no cause to call upon them to act in the matter, and this morning they were dismissed from further duty.

The chains have been taken down from the Court house, and it has resumed its usual quiet aspect.

During the night Abby Folsom was found lying in the street near the Temple, and refusing to go home, was taken to the watch house.

SECOND DESPATCH

The brig Acorn, containing Sims, is at anchor at Nantucket roads, on account of the N.E. wind and thick weather.

The story that Sims has been purchased by a periodical dealer here for $1,500, to return in six weeks, is not true.

The Senate Committee are still pushing their investigation into the conduct of the State and city officers, in relation to Sims, quite closely. Several leading abolitionists have been in the Senate, and testified that Tukey's police arrested directly on the detection of Sims.

JOSEPH BARKER.—This well-known English Reformer arrived here, with all his family, in the steamer Africa, intending to make his home in this country.—He will probably go to the West, but wherever he may settle he will be found, we think, an efficient advocate of the Anti-Slavery Cause, and of all other questions of reform among us.

☞ In another column will be found an interesting letter to his friends in England

Communications.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN CANADA.

TORONTO, U. C., April 8th, 1851.

Editor of the Standard:

I wrote you a few days since giving some account of the Anti-Slavery movements here, and also some slight record of the address of Frederick Douglass on Thursday evening last. On Friday and Saturday evenings Mr. Thompson gave, to full audiences, and with excellent effect, his lecture upon British India. On Sunday A. M. Rev. S. J. May preached in the George St. Unitarian Church, to a good audience. His text was from Acts 17th, verse 26th "And hath made of one blood all nations of men." His theme was the Universal Brotherhood of Man, and this was enforced with sound reasoning, and by most earnest appeals to the higher nature of man. He spoke of God's love of his children, *all* his children, and sketched in a vivid manner the perfect happiness which would ensue to the race of man, if this glorious principle of love to all should be carried out. He described most graphically Paul on Mars Hill, and the group of doubting, reasoning, hating, scorning men who, on that memorable day, heard from his lips the truth in relation to that "unknown God" to whom they had raised an altar, and who then heard, perhaps, for the first time, the truth that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." He spoke of the bitter spirit of sectarianism which kept men apart who would otherwise gladly join hands in every work of humanity and love, and rejoiced also at the manifestations already seen of the breaking down of that particular wall which Sectarianism has built and which has so long prevented men of differing theological opinions from coming together upon the broad platform of humanity.

On Sunday evening Mr. May, by request, delivered an Anti-Slavery address, to a large audience in the same church. He gave an account of Slavery, as it is, he spoke of its horrible laws which deny not only liberty to the Slave, but also one so framed that not a ray of light shall reach his darkened mind; the man who teaches him to read the Bible is liable to the penalty of death. He spoke also of the downward career of Daniel Webster, sketched his character, as it was when he stood upon the rock of Plymouth on the 200th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, and there uttered that memorable speech which has become a part of the literature and the history of the country. He spoke of his downfall in his lust of power and gold; how the Slave power had reduced him to the mean and pitable position which he now occupies. Mr. May then called upon the people of Canada to give their moral influence to the cause of the Slave; he said he asked not for political interference, he asked only for the exercise of that moral power which every man and every community may bring to bear if they will wherever human right is denied and humanity is cast into the dust.—This influence they could exert, in various ways, in their business with the Americans, their religious connection or intercourse with members and ministers of American Churches, and in travelling through any of the U. States the Canadian lover of liberty could speak his honest opinion of Slavery and give it his utter condemnation wherever he goes. He closed a most interesting and instructive lecture by appealing to them as men and christians to do their duty to their colored brethren who are in the bonds of Slavery. He thanked them for their kindness to the poor fugitives who have come to Canada to escape American tyranny, and called upon them, to co-operate with the friends of the Slave in America in this great and glorious enterprise in which, we are engaged. Both of the addresses of Mr. May yesterday will do great good without doubt. The necessity of having a strong sympathy and a system of co-operation in existence between the Abolitionists of America and the people of Canada becomes each hour more apparent. The fugitive must find his home here. God alone knows how long, but certainly till the accursed Fugitive Bill is repealed or modified, and the utter want of principle among the influential people of the United States and the tremendous efforts of the Slave Power to crush the last remnant of the spirit of Liberty render hopeless any attempt to repeal that law at present. And it is a matter of rejoicing that the formation of the Canadian Anti-Slavery Society and the visit of Messrs. Thompson, May and Douglass have already begun the good work of *union* between the Abolitionists of America and Canada, union for the amelioration of the sufferings of the fugitive, and the interchange of that moral influence which shall yet break the chains of the American Slave.—G. W. P.

TORONTO, April 10, 1851.

Another enthusiastic meeting was held last evening at the St. Lawrence Hall, in this city. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Willis.

The Rev. Samuel J. May then took the stand an addressed the meeting as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen of Toronto—My position on this platform may seem, at first sight, an awkward, perhaps an embarrassing one. I stand here in the presence of the people of another nation, to speak of the great unrighteousness of my own, and ask of you assistance to overthrow one of the institutions of my country. But I am a minister of the Christian religion, and I presume that all whom I have the pleasure to see before me profess and feel respect for the doctrines, commandments and example of Jesus Christ. You will not, I trust, deny his authority. He teaches us that *humanity* is more to be regarded than *nationality*. Indeed, Infidels have cast it at him as a reproach that he does not inculcate patriotism. 'Tis true, His commandment is not 'thou shall not love thy countrymen more than any one else,' but 'thou shalt love every man—thy neighbor as thyself.' When asked 'who is my neighbor?' he points the Jewish enquirer to a Samaritan; a man beloning to a nation of all others abhorrent to the Jews. Thus the annointed of God, the Saviour of the world, pronounces His condemnation of all reserve and alienation of our fellowmen, because of their national or religious differences. Surely, then, there should be none of this alienation or reserve between us Englishmen and Americans, who, like kindred drops, can so easily mingle into one. There should be no reserve between us who have the same ancestry, who speak the same language, read the same books, have the same Bible, worship the same God. (Applause.) Especially between us Canadians and Americans, should there be no reserve on a subject affecting our common humanity, and our common inheritance in the Western World. We who have joint possession of the same Continent, who live in juxtaposition, separated from each other only by an invisible line drawn upon the waters, (applause,) we who hourly use the same river and lakes as a common thoroughfare, and are daily crossing and recrossing them, in the transaction of business and the interchange of social life—(great cheering)—we surely ought to be free, frank, faithful and friendly in the expression of our opinions on a subject regarding the inalienable rights of man and should co-operate heartily for the common good of humanity. (Applause.) We may live long as we please under separate Governments, we *cannot* please to have entirely separate interests. The new postage arrangements are *mutually* convenient. [Great applause.] If the 'Welland canal' shall be closed to us we alone shall not be sufferers, [Cheers,] reciprocal free trade is as desirable to you Canadians as it is to us Americans, [cheers,] and if our infernal Fugitive Slave Law shall be enforced your shores will be inundated by pennyless men, women and children who must fly to you for protection and for bread. Nor can you prevent their coming: nor can you refuse to take the strangers in, unless you choose rather to deny Christ, to repudiate your humanity and throw open these fair realms of the British Queen to be also the hunting-grounds of Southern Slave Catchers. [Hear hear.] Canadians you cannot if you would avoid being implicated with us, either in opposing or else in favoring the Fugitive Slave Law. Choose then this day whom you will serve, God or the Devil. Already has the proposal been made that you should strike hands with our Slaveholding Oligarchy. A recent Toronto paper states that it has received a letter from 'Chatham' complaining '*that the country* in that vicinity is being inundated with negroes, from the United States, and making the following suggestion. *Might not a further influx of negroes be prevented and reciprocal free trade be obtained by our agreeing to give up fugitive Slaves?*' [Cries of shame! shame!] Undoubtedly the good that writer desires might easily be obtained; undoubtedly the evil which that writer deprecates might be averted on the conditions named; but are you ready to comply with those conditions? [Cries of no! no!] Hear me, ye men, ye Britians, ye Christians of Canada, are you ready to agree that you will give up fugitives from Slavery, [no no!] Are you ready to renounce the most glorious distinction of your mother land, [no!] to say that yours shall not be like *English* soil, that slaves *may* breath in Canada, that though they touch your country their shackles *shall not* fall? [No! no!] Are you ready then to renounce the glory of Englishmen; to tarnish the fair fame of Britian's Queen; to disown your allegiance to the noblest principles of your Royal Government. [No! no! never!] That would be a seperation from the British Government to be indeed deplored; that would be annexation to the United States with a vengeance yes with the *vengeance of insulted Heaven!*

But it is for you to choose, Christ or Belial! the freedom of England or the despotism of America! (Hear, hear.) There must be some, perhaps many in this province, ready for the bargain, diabolical though it be. Newspapers are pretty good thermometers of the public warmth or coldness. Editors do not often advocate what they know will be offensive to their patrons. Already then are you contaminated by your social, ecclesiastical and commercial intercourse with my country. Hear how an American Editor comments upon the proposed annexation of Canada to the United States. "So it seems after all" says the *Rochester Republican* of April 3d "that this boasted British love of liberty, equality and philanthropy are ready to be exchanged in trade for cotton and breadstuffs" "The white population of Canada," he continues "will soon become cured of their theoretical philanthropy, when they find themselves likely to be equalled or outnumbered by a race, whose nature, habits, and character are so little congenial to their own. Their love of the negro will vanish with that distance which gives enchantment to the view."

Canadians, is it not time for you to consider the danger and your duty? The leprosy of Slavery is seen to be among you. It will spread throughout your body politic if timely measures are not taken to eradicate it.

But, say you, the Abolitionists of America have come here and ask us to take part with them in overthrowing a "peculiar institution" of their country. That is true. And the slaveholders, or their emissaries come here and demand that you shall help them to uphold that "peculiar institution." Now which will you do? Your interference is invoked on the one hand as well as the other. You cannot long remain passive and neutral. Choose you *must*, this day, or some day not far distant. And can it be a matter of indifference to you on which side you throw your influence? with which party you co-operate? will it be equally well, think you, in the sight of God, whether you decide in favor of the oppressor or in favor of the oppressed? Will it be equally honorable to your humanity and your religion, whether you insist that your country shall still and forever be the refuge of the fugitive or the hunting-ground of the pursuer? Answer this question *now*; for you will be more likely to answer it as you ought to-day, than you will be if you tamper with it and parley about it a year. [Hear, hear.]

Slavery's "a monster of so frightful mein
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft familiar with her face
We first *endure*, then *pity*, then *embrace!*"

So it has been with us, on the other side of the "narrow frith" that divides us. So it will be with you; for ye are men of like passions, of like infirmities, with ourselves. Our northern political parties, have made one compromise after another with the slave power, until at last they have agreed that we shall all become hunters of men, *ay blood hounds*, if our masters please. They have effected their devilish purpose by proffering us certain advantages in return for our subserviency, and they are now plying you with the same tempting bribes. Be not too sure that you are proof against them. You have much to do with New York merchants and they have joined hands with the slaveholders. Sometime ago, while I was in attendance upon a meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York, a prominent merchant of that city, said to me, "I will not question the good intentions of you Abolitionists. Slavery is a great evil, and the principles you announce may all be absolutely right enough. But, sir, we shall not allow you Abolitionists to succeed in your undertaking. We cannot afford to let you succeed. Why there are millions of dollars that are due to merchants of New York from southern men, our security for the payment of which rests ultimately upon mortgages on slaves. (Shame, shame.) "Well sir," was my reply, "If that stands in the way we shall not care if you lose it all. You deserve to lose it all for so implicating yourselves with the oppressors of men." (Great applause.) Nevertheless this has been and is a serious barrier to the progress of our cause. It is obvious that a reciprocal free trade would be even more advantageous to you than to us, and therefore you were the first to propose it; but it never will be allowed much as you and all the people on your frontier desire it: so ong as the slaveholding power has the ascendancy in our Republic unless you will come to their terms, and "agree to give up the fugitive slaves." You cannot foresee how soon, nor how far they will bring you to acquiesce, unless you now set your faces as a flint against the base proposal. With you then, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," from the great iniquity. Now declare and let the sentiment go forth throughout the Province, that free trade or no free trade with America, the foot of the man hunter shall never track your soil! (Immense applause.) Time was—we can look back and see—when we might with comparative ease have settled the question of Slavery in favor of humanity. Twelve years after the United States had confederated, they formed our present Constitution. Then our Fathers might have insisted on some provision for the abolition of Slavery. The struggle with two or three of the Southern States might have been severe, but it would not have lasted long, for a "more perfect union" was essential to the well being of them all. But the northern members consented to a compromise implied, if not expressed, and through that loop-hole all our subsequent troubles have crept in. In 1803 the vast territory of Louisiana was purchased and annexed without any proviso against the perpetuity of Slavery. In 1819, the great controversy arose on the admission of Missouri, and it resulted in the fatal compromise, proposed and carried by Henry Clay. Let him have the glory and the shame! (Applause.) Then followed at almost regular intervals successive steps downward, into that depth of perdition where we are now wallowing. The war with the Florida

"I will detain you, therefore, but a few minutes more, only long enough to answer another objection to the action of the Abolitionists, often urged on the other side of Ontario, and which some people on this side of our beautiful lake regard as having weight. It is said that if the Abolitionists had not interfered, the oppressions of the enslaved would have been lighter, and his final deliverance never at hand. This statement is, in every particular, untrue, though I shall expose its falsity only in one respect. The people of the North, of the Free States, did not move in the cause of the enslaved until their attention was called to them by the slaveholders themselves.

"In 1817 was formed the Colonization Society; its earliest members were principally slaveholders; its prominent officers were slaveholders; its most zealous advocates were slaveholders; Henry Clay, of Kentucky, was among its founders, and soon became its President, and continues to be so at this day. That Society, the real design of which was to increase the security of slaveholding by removing to Africa the free people of color, commended itself to the favor and co-operation of the people of the Northern States, by representing its tendencies to improve the condition of the enslaved, and ultimutely emancipate them. Eloquent agents were sent amongst us, who kept out of sight the real intentions of the Society, and plied us only with such appeals as were adapted to wake up the sympathies for the bondman. The horrors of Slavery were depicted to us with no neutral tints. The coloring was often as high as the picture would bear. Thousands who now are Abolitionists were Colonizationists first. I joined that Society at an early period, and was the principal agent in the formation of an auxiliary in the county where I resided.

"William Loyd Garrison, that man whose name is to be honored so long as a page of human history is extant, soon distinguished himself by his ability and zeal in the cause. In 1829 he delivered before the Massachusetts Auxiliary Society their annual address, to as large an audience as could be convened in Park Street Church, Boston, then one of the most capacious rooms in that city. He was admired for his ability, loved for his enthusiastic benevolence, and urged forward in his labors for the relief of our suffering countrymen, by the hearty sympathy which was expressed by those who heard him. He was then editor of a paper in Vermont. Some time after, he was invited by Benjamin Lunday, (of whom I wish I had time to speak,) a devoted, self-sacrificing man, to assist him in conducting an Anti-Slavery paper, which he had succeeded, by his indomitable perseverance, in establishing in Baltimore. The paper was called the 'Genius of Emancipation.' A soul like Mr. Garrison's could not withhold itself from such a call of duty. He went to Baltimore, still a member of the Colonization Society, supposing that he was going to labor in its behalf. Soon the productions of his fervid pen attracted the attention and disturbed the repose of the slaveholding community about him, when, in consequence of an article in his paper, exposing and condemning, without stint, the conduct of a northern captain, who had taken on board his ship a cargo of slaves for the New Orleans market, Mr. Garrison was arrested as a disturber of the peace, tried, condemned and thrown into prison, till he should pay a heavy fine wholly beyond [illegible] means. There he remained thirteen weeks; when Mr. Arthur Tappan, of New York, one of the most bountiful givers our country or the world ever knew, came forward, paid his fine, $1,000, and sundry costs, amounting to hundreds more, and set the noble prisoner free! (Great applause.) On his way back to Boston he was cordially greeted and encouraged in his work by several gentlemen of New York, and especially by Daniel Webster, who happened to be there.

"The captain of the steamboat in which he took passage for Providence counted it an honor to have the young philanthropist on board, and remitted his passage money. Thus encouraged and strengthened, he came back to New England to report to the people what he had seen and heard of Slavery, and of the prospect of its termination during his brief sojourn at the South. He had seen enough of Slavery to harrow up his soul from its deepest depths, and he had found out also that the Colonization Society, so far from tending to the subversion of that system of iniquity, was intended to ensure its quiet continuance.

"Now, will you tell me he should have kept back his communication of the feelings of his great heart? That he ought to have suppressed what he had discovered to be the real design of that Southern society, which was drawing into its treasury large contributions from the people of the free States, because it had represented itself to them as the final of the slave? I know you will not tell me so. He did what I am sure you would have him do. He went about trying to undeceive those who had been beguiled into that project for the expatriation of the free colored people, and doing all he could to give a right direction to the labors of those who really desired to break the yoke of oppression, and set the captive free.

"On the 1st of January, 1831, he began the publication of his 'Liberator,' and then commenced that agitation of this question which has spread throughout our vast Republic, and we trust in God, will never cease, until the enslaved throughout the land are redeemed, disenthralled, and established in the enjoyment of the rights and the exercise of the prerogatives of freemen. (Cheers.) You see, then, that we of the North are not responsible for the commencement of Northern interference with Southern slaveholding. We were [illegible] by Southern men; urged by them to give our [illegible] to the claims of the colored population of our [illegible] to aid in the prosecution of a project which we were assured was to result in their entire emancipation. And our only fault is, that we have looked into the matter farther than the Colonizationists intended we should; have come to feel more sincerely and deeply for the slaves than they expected, and have determined, *in good faith*, to accomplish a most desirable end, which they held out to us as the great inducement to co-operate with them in the prosecution of measures which we discovered would defer emancipation to a day too far distant to be discovered by mortal foresight.

"But here you may tell me that the conflict in my country has become so fearful that a dissolution of the Union seems to you inevitable, if we abolitionists do not desist, give back, and allow the slaveholders and their abettors to have their own way. And what, let me ask, will be the consequences, if we do throw down the weapons of our moral warfare, and give up the millions that are enslaved to hopeless bondage? I will answer the question for you, and I will answer it in the words of another, one of the greatest men of our country—the third President of our Republic—the man who drafted the Declaration of our Independence.

"In his notes on Virginia, President Jefferson said:—'The day of emancipation must come; if it come not by the generous energies of our own minds, it will come through the awful processes of St Domingo, servile and and civil war. (I quote the passage from memory.) Slavery cannot, will not be endured forever. One hour of such oppression outweighs whole ages of that from which our fathers revolted. It must be abolished by peaceful or by violent measures. The hour will come; and when it comes, the Almighty has not one attribute that can take part with us in such a conflict. I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that his justice cannot sleep forever.'

"The members of the American Anti-Slavery Society are the truest friends of our Republic—the best friends of the Union, if it can be made what its founders declared it should be. Our opposers, indeed, continually tell us that the Union will be dissolved if we insist on the abolition of Slavery; and we as continually reply, 'Then let it be dissolved!' *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.*' Let justice be done though the heavens fall! This was said ages ago—said by a heathen—and it has always been quoted as the highest expression of a lofty morality. If a heathen could say, 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall!' surely an American Christian would not fear to say, 'Let justice be done though the *Union* falls!' nor should he be reproached for saying so, except by Atheists and ungodly men, whose reproach is *praise!* (Great cheering.)

"Our Union now exists but in name; no men have the freedom of our country who are not the friends of Slavery. Any one who is even *suspected* of leaning to the side of impartial liberty, is unsafe in one-half of our Republic; as well would it be for a miner to descend into the earth, into the midst of the fire-damp, without the wire gauze about his lamp, as for a friend of humanity to go into our slaveholding States without a padlock on his lips; many men have been lynched there on the suspicion of abolitionism. What is that union to us, which we can enjoy only by renouncing our humanity? The opposers of oppression and unrighteousness are the only true friends of a Union of our American States, for it alone would extirpate that, which has been, from the first, working our dissolution. It is Slavery that has eaten out the cement of the American Union; it is Slavery that has sapped the foundations of our Republic, and it is idle to talk of there being any union between Liberty and Slavery. If my country cannot stand but upon the necks of three millions our fellow men, it ought not to stand—it will not stand! I have often said this on the other side of the Lake, and I am not afraid to say it here. I have been called 'traitor,' for uttering the thought. The only answer I make to the accusation is, 'If it be treason to hate and oppose Slavery, I am a traitor!' I mean to be a traitor to my country if she can become the ruthless tyrant which a general obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law would make her.'

"The abolitionists, 'tis true, have undertaken to revolutionize America, and they earnestly call on you to help them; but it is a revolution to be effected by moral means. Our principles lead us to entreat the oppressed to reject the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage; relying upon those which are 'spiritual and mighty through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan.' We mean to use only the word of truth. If even we resort to any other weapons, it will be because we have not faith and courage enough to adhere to our avowed principles. Hitherto, all that we have done in the cause of liberty has been effected by faithful exposures of the abominations of our Southern prison house; earnest expostulations with all who are making merchandize of men, and treating them as if they were mere domesticated brutes; unsparing rebukes of those at the North, who, because of their mercantile and ecclesiastical connections in the South, are apologizing for slaveholders, upholding them in their wickedness, misrepresenting and persecuting the men who are laboring only to bring them to repentance; affectionate entreaties to those who unintentionally and, perhaps, unconsciously are strengthening the hands of oppressors; and solemn warnings to all who directly or indirectly are giving support to that Slavery which outrages humanity and sets God at defiance.

"It is with these weapons we have fought hitherto: have roused the slumbering; pricked the consciences of many who had supposed themselves to be among the righteous; routed hosts of the apologists and retainers of slaveholders; goaded to madness the unprincipled, who were at ease in their ill-gotten possessions; brought the political parties into new alliances—now with us—now with each other—so that few know where they belong, and their strength is weakened by divisions and by distrust.

"We have so battered the ecclesiastical bulwarks, behind which slaveholders had entrenched themselves, that these enemies of man feel no longer secure there, where used to be their stronghold. Lastly, we have assailed the legislatures of our States and the Congress of the Union, making the halls of each the fields of many a hard fought battle;' (cheers) so that now the whole power of our nation is combined against us; and in the madness of those who are destined to destruction, the leaders of the public policy have committed themselves to a measure, the *Fugitive Slave Law*, which must bring [illegible] *moral indignation of the civilized world.* (Great applause.)

"These have been the weapons of our warfare, and these are some of the effects we have already produced. Surely we may invite you Canadians to take part with us in such a warfare, even against our own country, and you may accept our invitation, and do great good in the service without showing yourselves to be enemies, but friends rather of America. 'He loves my country who would make her free!' (Great cheering.)

"We have not come here to ask your red-coats to assist us. Let them stay where they are, and our prayer shall ever be that they may never be called to any more actual service than to parade your streets, and keep up the show of protection. (Hear, hear.)

"We want your black coats [pointing to several clergymen present] to help us. [Cheering and laughter.] We summon them to our aid; we call upon them all the more earnestly, because so many of the ministers of religion in our country deserted the standard of the cross—have shown themselves traitors to Christ. Most of the pulpits in America have been, and still are silent in the cause of the slave; many of them have turned their artillery against it. Few have done the execution that they might and ought to have done. O then, ministers of Christ in Canada, help us! Pray for the slave, that God would raise up many to espouse his cause. Preach in his behalf; expose the enormity of the wrong *he* suffers—who is held and treated as a piece of property—and plead for his deliverance. Show your hearers what they may and ought to do for those who are in bonds anywhere, especially for those in a country allied to you by so many ties, social and ecclesiastical, and placed so near, that your interests and ours are almost one.

"You who do not occupy the pulpit may often send or carry the truth on this subject where the preacher does not go. In your continual intercourse with the people of my country, in matters of business or pleasure, you may often have opportunities to speak with effect in behalf of liberty and right. Improve these opportunities, and you will be helping to form that public sentiment to which is the power that rules America.

"You who wield the pen for the newspapers of Canada, give to it a point and direction that it shall reach what other weapons of steel cannot touch—the *consciences of my countrymen.* Many of my countrymen once were *yours.* But alas! they left their Anti-Slavery zeal behind them. O then, we pray you do what you may to revive their former faith in the right, their former love of the slave.

"Let every mail that leaves your shores bear some message of admonition or remonstrance to the many you must know in America, and who will heed your words as the counsels of old friends. Especially let your churches earnestly, solemnly call on kindred churches in our land to be obedient unto him whom they profess to revere as their Great Head. [Hear, hear.]

"This is the aid we ask from you. We have a right to demand it. It is your duty to give it. Let us have a regiment—aye, a smaller company—of such helpers, and they will do us better service than the mightiest army that Britannia wields. Yet give us a goodly company of your black coats and blue coats—any other than your red coats—reinforced by your *petticoats.*

"I say not this to raise a smile; for I wish earnestly, solemnly to call on the *women* of Canada to help us. They can give us most efficient aid. What women have done elsewhere, women may do here. They have often been the best soldiers in a moral warfare. Woman was the most fearless friend of the Captain of Salvation.

'She, while apostles shrank,
Could danger brave;
Last at his cross,
And earliest at his grave.'

The women of Great Britain did more than the men to accomplish the overthrow of West Indian Slavery. They held up their hands and encouraged the heart of George Thompson as he went through the United Kingdom, like a torch of fire, kindling everywhere the hearts of the benevolent into a flame of Anti-Slavery zeal. [Cheers.] Would that I could speak as I feel of the women of England, Wales, Ireland, and more especially of Scotland, and tell of what they did for the emancipation of West India slaves, and what they have done and are doing for the overthrow of American Slavery. [Cheers.]

"Women of Canada—come now and do likewise! It was a woman—I have sometime heard or read—who first aroused the immortal Wilberforce to take upon himself the burthen of the slave. It was a woman, Elizabeth Hayrick, who first announced the doctrine of 'immediate, not gradual emancipation, the duty of the master, the right of the slave.' And the women in our country have done more in this cause than any of us men, if we except a 'precious few.'

"Women of Canada, I summon you to our aid. Pray for your and my fellow beings—millions of them—who are in cruel bondage across these narrow waters. Talk on this subject. Pour into the ear of every American who comes within the reach of your voices; pour in entreaties—your remonstrances. Keep up a running fire of *epistolary* correspondence that shall tell in our behalf. Why should not every Anti-Slavery woman in Canada write at least one letter a week, or one a month, to some one on the other shore? O this would do great execution. Sing Anti-Slavery songs. Learn those which our noble poets have written; or write better ones yourselves, and lend them the charms of your voices in the cadences of music."

Mr. May closed with a story of a woman, who, by singing the right tune in the right time, soon reduced to harmony a whole congregation of discordant voices, and sat down in the midst of rapturous applause.

Mr. Thompson then addressed the meeting. He reviewed Clap's Colonization Scheme in a thorough manner. I will forward you soon a full account of his remarks.

Yours, G. W. F.

MR. BARKER'S LETTER TO HIS OLD FRIENDS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: We left Liverpool on the 29th of March, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the Royal Mail Steamer Africa. We gave twenty pounds each for our fares, in the second cabin. We had large commodious rooms, and comfortable beds. Each of our rooms contained two berths and a comfortable sofa, the whole length of the room. Some of the rooms, more forward, contained *four* berths, and were in several respects less comfortable than ours. We got the *best* rooms, partly in consequence of applying early, and partly in consequence of being so large a party. We had every thing found, except intoxicating drinks, and these we did not want; and the provisions were, in general, very good, and were well cooked; and the stewards were kind and attentive, and exceedingly well behaved; their conduct altogether was most praiseworthy.

For the first three or four days we had head winds and a rough unsettled sea. The ship was, of course, unsteady, and the consequence was, the great majority of the passengers were soon very sick. Most of our party were sick before four o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, and some of them continued sick till the Saturday following. My oldest son suffered most. He had led a more sedentary life than any of the rest, and had had but indifferent health for a long time. He did, in consequence, *need* the purgatory of sea-sickness more than the rest of us, and he got what he needed. My younger son, who had lived a more active life, and who had taken pleasure in bodily exercise, did not suffer half so severely nor half so long. George was ill but a day or two; Joseph was ill for a week.

The sickness came on us all before we expected it, and before we were prepared for it. And it so dispirited and disabled us, that we could do nothing; we could not even undress ourselves, or put our bedclothes straight, or even rise to help ourselves to a little toast and water. We were utterly prostrated both in body and soul. Exertion became [illegible] and even impossible; and existence itself became a burden. Those of our party who had never been seasick before, and who, in consequence, could not support or cheer themselves by the hope of a speedy relief, and after benefit, were about as miserable as they could be. They looked most piteously and mournfully at me, and seemed to say, 'We little thought it would come to this.' And I am greatly mistaken if nine out of ten of them did not wish themselves back in England again and inaudibly blame the individual who had led them to think of leaving their native land. One thought he was going to die, and another said she was sure she could never live a fortnight, and all found that there was more of suffering and sorrow in Emigration than they had calculated on.

Most of us began to recover from our sickness on the Wednesday, and several of us went on deck that day. On Thursday, our appetites began to return. On Saturday evening, the sea became beautifully calm, and on Sunday we were all in health together. The air was most refreshing and delicious, and the sun shone forth in all his glory, without a cloud or vapor to obscure his light or interrupt his warming, quickening rays. Even the sickliest appeared on deck and gazed on the vast blue sea, and rejoiced in the consciousness and bliss of returning health and cheerfulness. At a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, an iceberg made its appearance, covered with snow, and glistening in the rays of the sun. We came, at length, within six or eight miles of it, when we could distinctly see both its surface of snow and its dark precipitous front. I should suppose the surface would be two or three acres and the height of the loftiest peak from one hundred to a hundred and thirty feet. Towards noon, we espied another iceberg to the North; but it was so far off, that we could only see its snowy summit, glistening in the sun. The air was very cool, but the bright sun tempered it, and made it exceedingly agreeable. In the afternoon, a number of porpoises and black fish came tumbling and gambolling about the ship. The passengers enjoyed the scene exceedingly. Even those who had suffered most from sea-sickness were disposed to acknowledge that the pleasures of so delightful a day, with the feeling of renovated health, were sufficient to make up for their agony. Some who had previously resolved to send to their friends a black and frightful story of their sufferings, and to dissuade them from ever thinking of following them, now began to think they would have to modify their statements. They even began to thank the sea for the rough and inexorable way in which it had handled them. They felt that he had done them good, and that he would have deserved their gratitude less if he had consulted their feelings more. I question whether any party ever enjoyed a day better than their Sabbath on the sea.

I ought to have said that, in the forenoon, we had a lecture in the saloon of the second cabin, on Spiritual Liberty, which added to the enjoyment of the day. And I ought to state that we were treated to a more than usually tasty dinner, and to a rich and plentiful desert, on that day. Both on deck and in the saloon, in our own hearts and in outward nature, all things seemed to unite to minister to our pleasure, and to fill up the measure of our enjoyment.

We had about fifty-four passengers in the second cabin; several of them were Scotchmen, now residing in St. John's, New Brunswick, and trading between Great Britain and America. Three of them were from Canada; two were native Americans, and one was an Irishman, residing in New York. Our own party, consisting of fifteen, and a family of four, from Kent, one young lady, and two young gentlemen, from Ireland, were emigrants. The family from Kent consisted of an elderly lady, her son and two daughters. The son had been in the United States before, and had purchased a farm near Massilon, Stark County, Ohio. The lady informed us that they had lost from three to four thousand pounds by farming in Kent; that on a farm for which they paid £600 a year rent, they had, one year, paid nearly £300 in taxes. She said it was impossible, in many cases, for farmers to live with such high rents and taxes, and that numbers must either emigrate or be ruined.

Our fellow passengers were, in general, very agreeable. They not only kept on good terms with each other, but were very kind to us. There was one bit of unpleasantness, for a day or two, between one of the young Irish gentlemen and some of the rest; but it soon passed away. It seldom happens, I imagine, that so many persons travel together, for so long a time, so comfortably as we did.

As soon as the sea-sickness had subsided, the Scotchmen began to spend their evenings in singing, and some of them sang very sweetly. In the course of a day or two, others began to sing; and shortly after, the whole of the musical talent amongst us was brought into play. This added no little to the pleasures of the voyage. On the Tuesday evening, some of the principal officers of the vessel came down and joined us, and took their turns in singing. On Wednesday, a pilot came on board. In the evening, the Captain and a number of other officers came down and spent some time with us. Next morning, we were roused betimes by the cry that land was in view, and, on going on deck, we found we were within a very short distance of the mouth of the great North River. About half past six, we reached New York, completing our voyage in less than twelve days. I hardly need add, that the sight of land, the view of the harbor, and the safe conclusion of the voyage, filled our souls with delight. Those who had never crossed the ocean before, and who had, in consequence, both suffered more than others from sickness and been troubled more with fear, were especially delighted. Some of them could hardly believe that the perils of the deep were over, and that they were now in sight of the wonderful country of which they had heard and read and thought so much. None of our party, except myself, had ever been in America before. Every thing, therefore, was new to them; and it was no small pleasure to me to find that their first impressions of the conntry were exceedingly favorable. The high lands of New Jersey, the fields and gardens of Long Island, the clean and beautiful buildings on both sides of the river, the majestic river itself, with its flocks of geese and wild ducks, the nice clean sailing vessels, and the singular but beautiful steamers everywhere in motion, all seen in the beautiful light of the rising sun, on as fine a morning as ever dawned, filled the whole of our party with delight. We landed at Jersey City, on the side of the river opposite to New York. When our party saw the houses so tastefully painted, the streets on each side lined with trees, many of them just putting forth their first green leaves, and hanging their green and graceful branches over them as they passed along, they could hardly believe they were in a real sublunary country; it seemed to them like fairy land. I watched their looks, and listened to their expressions, with intense interest and unutterable satisfaction. I had brought them from their homes, their friends, and their native land; and nothing could have comforted me if I had found them painfully disappointed. Their agreeable surprise, their delightful wonderment, filled me with gratitude and joy.

We soon got our luggage through the custom house, and placed in the hands of a forwarding company, to be conveyed to Cleveland, Ohio. We then went to a boarding house, in Greenwich Street, No. 62, kept by Mr. W. Robinson. Mr. Robinson was kind, and offered to give us whatever assistance he could. He had had many of my friends at his house, and I was glad to find that he had a reputation for honesty. The house is a large one, and conveniently situated for emigrants; and the accommodations are not amiss, considering the charge he makes.

On calling at Messrs. Fowlers and Wells', we found that the Hutchinsons were giving a concert that evening in the Tabernacle, Broadway, and we at once resolved to hear them. The room, which is capable of accommodating two thousand or upwards, was nearly full, and the singers were on their feet, just preparing to give their first song, at the time we entered. They sang most delightfully. Such delicious voices, so sweetly blending, and pouring forth such ravishing melody, I never heard except once before, and that was when I heard the same sweet singers at Leeds, five years ago. My wife and children were as much delighted as myself; they had never heard them before.

In a song about California, there were some beautiful allusions to the opposition of the Californians to Slavery, and to the fact that that great and interesting portion of the county was all 'FREE SOIL.' This called forth a few hisses; and the hisses called forth expressions of approbation. No sooner, however, did the clapping and stamping abate, than the hissing was renewed; and no sooner was the hissing renewed, than the clapping and stamping were renewed with increasing spirit. For awhile the singing was interrupted, and the meeting thrown into confusion. Order, however, was restored at length, and the concert proceeded. By and by, however, one of the Hutchinsons rose and opened a book, and either read or pretended to read the following words: 'Black men know how to use razors; horses don't.' This called forth the hissing afresh, and the voice of the reader was quickly drowned. The hissing called forth cheers, and the cheers were followed by hissing; and the hissing and cheers followed each other for some time. Order, however, was restored again at length. There were two other interruptions after this. The hissing appeared to proceed, in every case, from one part of the house, and from a very small number of persons. It seemed to me to be the work of hirelings. It had no appearance of being the hearty expression of individual feeling. It had every appearance of being the result of previous arrangement and party spite. I was the more convinced that this was the case when I found that the pro-slavery Newspapers, in professing to give a list of the Theatrical and Musical entertainments of the city, in every case avoided all allusion to the Hutchinson Concerts, neither reporting those already past, nor announcing those to come. The Hutchinsons are known as Abolitionists, and the pro-slavery part of the press and the people do all in their power to annoy and discourage them.

I was afraid that the unpleasant interruptions of Thursday evening would deter people from attending on the following evening. On reaching the Tabernacle, however, I was agreeably disappointed to find the place as full as it had been the night before. The singing was as beautiful as ever. To me it seemed even more beautiful. Some of our party were so delighted, that they declared it was worth crossing the Ocean if it were only to hear it. Many of the pieces were most beautiful, and the singing was exquisite. The meeting, however, was not allowed to pass over without interruption. The Hutchinsons, as if to show that they would not be deterred from uttering and singing such sentiments as they thought fit and just and true, repeated their California song, and sang the Anti-Slavery portion with more than usual spirit. This called forth a little hissing, but not so much as on the night preceding, while the cheers that followed were louder and more spirited than ever. Not content with clapping and stamping, the mass of the audience gave a loud HURRAH! It was plain that the courage and perseverance of the noble minstrels were triumphing, and that the hissing conspirators were to have the worst of it. Encouraged by these unmistakeable manifestations of the feeling of the meeting, Judson, who is something like the wit of the party, rose and opened his book, and read, or pretended to read, a chapter about wicked and murderous trades, especially denouncing rum-sellers, women-whippers and fugitive slave law makers. This provoked the hissing again; but the cheering that followed was so overwhelming, that the hissers appeared to be disheartened, and the concert was allowed to proceed and close in peace. The conduct of the Hutchinsons was most noble. It delighted me beyond measure. Much as I was raptured with their singing, I was still more affected by their virtue. May they cleave to the right forever, and may the friends of Truth and Freedom forever stand by them and aid them.

I must now say farewell. I am going to Boston this afternoon, to look after a portion of our party that sailed in the Plymouth Rock, on the 22d of March. I expect to be back with my family on Thursday. On Friday, we must start for the West. Good bye.

Yours, very affectionately,

JOSEPH BARKER.

Jersey City, April 12th, 1851.

LETTER TO MILLARD FILLMORE.

MARCH, 8th, 1851.

Millard Fillmore:

SIR: Because in your person is vested the "executive power" of this Government: because I am one of the governed from whose consent the Administration derives its authority; and because I am deeply interested in the prosperity and welfare of the Nation, which are identical with a proper execution of just laws,—therefore, I may, without impropriety, express to you my impressions and convictions relative to your official duty, in such cases as may be of interest to the Nation at large, or to myself as an individual. I may even review such of your past conduct as I may deem inconsistent with your duty. If any there be, who acknowledge my right to do this, and yet deem it an offence against good taste, such are answered when I say, "I choose to exercise my privilege."

At the last electoral campaign, the leading politicians in the Whig party, having nominated the late Zachary Taylor their candidate for the Presidency, (a man whose name was associated, in the minds of a large and most respectable class of the inhabitants of the Northern States, with the two great evils,—war and Slavery,) found themselves under the necessity of choosing (if coercion and choice may co-exist) some candidate for the Vice-Presidency, whose availability might serve to sugar the bitter pill, which they had determined, at all events, must be swallowed by the independent voters of their party. You were the person selected, and permit me here to remark, that if you were aware that your name and character, were to be used for such a purpose, you violated every sentiment of manhood in accepting a nomination; if, on the contrary, you were ignorant of this, and flattered yourself that your nomination was the reward of merit, it was a manifestation of deplorable stupidity, and most absurd self-complacency.—Your availability was upon two considerations:

1st. Because you were a Northern man, and a numerous class of the "sovereigns" feel a sort of *sapient* pride in casting their votes for candidates for office, residing in their own State, or in their own part of the Union. Perhaps also some few weak-headed and misguided electors might have supposed that as you were a Northern man, you would identify yourself with Northern interests and principles.

2nd. Although you were always eager and patriotic in the support of anciently acknowledged principles, yet you never took a position upon the roughly agitated questions of the age, so *positive* as to render you obnoxious to any large number of your fellow-citizens.

The bait took. The million were gulled. Your predecessor rode into office triumphantly. You trooped in his train. Your star was in the ascendant. Any man can go into office, if he has *Motors*. Taylor had these. For the South, and men of Southern principles, a *motor* was found in the scourged backs and manacled limbs of three hundred slaves. For the patriots of Whigdom,—men who hold in high reverence national honor, who love the blood and carnage, and consequent glory of the battle-field;—ever ready to bend their knee in hero-worship; ever ready to swing their hat, and strain "their vulgar throat," to celebrate some great victory of their country's arms; for these choice spirits *murder* was a *motor*. And to ease the simple consciences of those who had been persuaded, against their will, that there was a remote connection between casuistry and politics, the *motor* was found in your *eminently negative* character.

The late President died one fine evening, and you "woke the next morning to find yourself famous." You swore you'd bath; made your speech, selected your cabinet, and fell back into natural insignificance.

Circumstances call out great men. Circumstances called you out, (for the sake of the syllogism.) *Ergo*, you are a great man. On the 18th of September, 1850, you became guilty of "*perjury*." "Perjury in the highest degree," and "murder, stern murder in the direst degree." Yes, wholesale murder, because on that day you signed the death-warrant of thousands of innocent men, (God grant that it never be executed,) and practical perjury; because having sworn to "preserve, protect and defend, the Constitution of the United States," yet you signed and approved an instrument, militating against the rights guarantied by the Constitution to Americans. An instrument which subverts "justice," destroys "domestic tranquility," tramples upon the "general welfare," and gives to the winds "the blessings of liberty," for which the Constitution was "ordained and established." An instrument which expressly provides for "trial without jury;" for "unreasonable searches and seizures," for the issue of warrants without "particularly describing the person to be seized;" for laying "excessive fines," and for the infliction of "cruel and unusual punishments." An instrument which in the language of *Senator Chase*, "punishes humanity as a crime, authorizes seizures without process, trial without jury, and consignment to Slavery beyond the limits of the State, without opportunity of defence and upon *ex-parte* testimony. And you, Millard Filmore! signed and approved that Bill, unconstitutional, and darkly infamous as Hell. And this, I affirm, is *practical perjury*. But did you believe the Bill constitutional? And had you sworn to support such a Constitution? Then were you damnably recreant to humanity and "doubly false to God."

The Bill was received at the South with fiendish pleasure; at the North with an almost universal thrill of horror. It was hardly credited that Congress had passed such an enormity. It was too cold-blooded. Too bare-faced. Everywhere men rose up and repudiated it with indignant scorn, and their hearts were getting the better of their partizan feelings. Oh! if you could have felt half the bitter contempt with which men curled their lips at the mention of your name you would have exclaimed,

"Farewell! a long farewell to *all* my greatness."

It would not do! so the whippers-in were sent round. Great editors who had impulsively growled their indignant protest, continued indeed to growl, but 'twas no longer an *ultra* growl, and finally it ceased altogether, and they became possessed of a strange and novel love for peace and harmony, and advised the people to submit quietly until the Act might be repealed. Venerable divines, too, gowned and surpliced, sent out from their velvet-cushioned desks the cry of "Peace on Earth," i. e., submission to the Bill. They grew eloquent in pleading for the far-off heathen, and thanked God that their "lot had been cast in a land of Gospel light and liberty." They admonished their people to remember that they were under rightful subjection to the "powers that be," and laughed to scorn the idea that there was a "Higher law" than the Constitution. "The Higher Law? The Constitution is that. And 'He that sitteth in the Heavens?' Millard Fillmore is that."

They succeeded to some extent, and with the exception of an occasional indignant throb at some attempt to execute this wicked Law, the great Northern heart became almost still again. The church had worshipped Baal, the Press had bowed to Mammon and the multitude were following. Not all! thank God! Not all.

While affairs at the North where in this condition an attempt was made to capture an alleged fugitive slave in Boston. He was placed in the care of a Deputy Marshal, and, for security, locked in the Court House. A few colored men, many of them friends of the prisoner, and all of them smarting at so fresh and glaring a demonstration of their own liability at any moment to be torn from their homes, took an opportunity when the prisoner was only slightly guarded, to effect an entrance to the Court House and invite their friend to be free. He politely accepted their kind invitation, and displayed his wisdom and good sense, by placing himself, with all possible expedition, under the protection of the British flag. Well, the only thing remarkable about this is, that a man should be claimed as a chattel. It is no uncommon thing to have mobs (for I supposed the word *mob* may be tortured to apply to this little friendly gathering.) Oh! No! we are a very free people. We are not governed too strictly. If any one would like a little excitement, he may easily get up a fine mob any time. It is rare sport, and no one cares, least of all the authorities. If they should attempt to put their fingers on one of these "twouldn't be there." Why I have seen high officials thrust their hands in their pockets, and grin with a world of complacency on mobs fifty times as turbulent as that which released Shadrach. At the South especially, are mobs frequent; and the seat of Government being in the midst of these petty disturbances, the Administration have become so accustomed to them, that one would suppose that nothing less than menacing and widespread insurrection would move our rulers from their stately dignity. They can bolt in silence a three days mob in Washington; the rifling of the United States Mail, by public functionaries, and indeed anything else that can possibly happen in South Carolina, and the sacrifice of the life and liberty of American citizens again and again by Southern and Western Lynch Law, yet as soon as the telegraphic reports announce in Washington, that half a hundred colored citizens of Boston have opened the Court House door, thoroughly frightened a few policemen, and allowed an oppressed son of Africa to take himself to a *land of Freedom!* Heavens! what a commotion! The "Union" and "Republic" "mourn and will not be comforted" at this violation of the "majesty of the law." You yourself fulminate a high sounding *proclamation* at the devoted Bostonians, calling on all well-disposed citizens to rally to the support of the laws of their country," calling on all United States officials in the vicinity of "the outrage to aid and assist in quelling this, and such other *combinations* (Oh! Millard Fillmore! Millard Fillmore! Oh!) and commanding, "civil and military officers," "District Attorney," and "all other persons" concerned in the execution of the laws "to bring to immediate and condign punishment," a score or two of negroes for frightening a Deputy Marshal, and giving a man an opportunity to be a man. Mr. Clay, in the United States Senate demands immediate information, from the head of the Executive Department, concerning the *state of the Nation* to which you reply in a message beautifully like yourself; denying your own "Handy Andy" style, the slightest necessity for official interference on your part, expressly stating that you "regard this flagitious proceeding as being a *surprise*;" doubting not that "if any such act had been apprehended, thousands of good citizens would have presented themselves voluntarily and promptly to prevent it." "Such other *combinations*," indeed, "Civil and Military officers," indeed,

Oh! valiant man! with sword drawn and cocked trigger,
Now, tell me, dont you cut a pretty figure?

"Recapturing the prisoner," too. Reading the other day in Livy, the story of Virginia, I found in the mouth of that cowardly villain "Appius," a command peculiarly *apropos* to your present position, "*I! lictor; submove turbam; et da viam domino ad prehendendum mancipium.*" Such has been your official course; such is your present position; such the capers you have cut before high heaven. Without that splendor of abilities which may burnish a dark deed, you have made yourself a criminal, and without that inventive genius, which is never at a loss for resources, you have made yourself ridiculous, and have failed in attempting to give reasons for your folly. Great men of antiquity have committed great crimes, and we curse them. They have sometimes forgotten themselves in the commission of egregious follies,

"And o'er the foolish deeds have pealed
The long laugh of a world."

Console yourself, sir! with the reflection that your fate will be neither of these. Future generations will never curse your name, or ridicule your character. The world will only forget you.

I may do myself the honor, to address you again, upon sufficient occasion. *Au revoir,*

W. J. W.

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FOR THE DRAWING ROOMS OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL.

"I WILL make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir."—ISAIAH.

"Receive Truth, from love of the Truth itself, and be not jealous of him who devotes himself to tell it you. Listen not to those who seek to depreciate his words, by accusing his person, for the weaknesses of man belong to man, but the word of Truth belong to God."—CONSTANT.

ON the platform of a slave market, in a southern city, stood a singular group. In the foreground, a man of wealth, whose fine exterior had been ruined by a dissolute life; whose heart was in the price of cotton, and whose intellect had but one occupation, for time or for eternity, an unceasing speculation on the value of men, as connected with the rise and fall of sugar. At his side, pointing out with much pride and emphasis the various advantages of the pair who shared his proximity, stood a New England Slave dealer; one with a hard, dry face, who set his mark on every man who passed his threshold, and determined from that hour, whether he were white or black, for what he could be bought and sold. A little in the rear stood two Slaves, now for the first time subjected to this public ordeal, by the death of a kind but ignorant master. The woman was young and fair, physically developed, evidently a household pet. Her husband, for husband it was that stood beside her, was hardly in the prime of manhood, but his hair was streaked with gray; he carried his lip compressed; and the impress of a struggle, undergone and surmounted, gave the character of age to his unusually fine features. How long have you been married? said the purchaser to the woman, as the dealer ceased his enumeration of her points. "Three years, sir," was the quiet reply. "And in all this time, you dog," continued the planter, turning sharply to the husband, "have you been able to give this fine young creature no children?" The quick eye of the black turned first towards his wife, who sobbed upon his shoulder, and the indignant blood mounted to his cheek and forehead. He paused a moment, from fear of God, not man, then answered, faltering with folded hands, "We had one boy, but the Father took him."

There was a bustle among the females of the quarter, at Orange Hill. In the distance rose the white turrets of the family mansion, from among the glossy foliage of the fragrant trees, loaded at once with opening blossoms, half formed fruit, and the golden apples of ancient fable. The people were assembled about a newly white-washed hut. The clay floor had been freshly swept. There was a dampness in the atmosphere, and though the single window and door of the little dwelling were wide open, a bright fire blazed upon the hearth. A low table near was covered with a white cloth, on which stood cake and wine. On the only stool the room contained, sat a colored woman of forty, rocking herself to and fro, in too much suffering to heed the niceness of her somewhat showy dress. Matty, the favorite Slave of her owner, was married at fifteen. To a husband whom she loved, she had borne eighteen children, and one after another they had been taken from her to stock a southern market. A week since her husband had been crushed in a mill, and poor Matty had purchased the possession of her only remaining child, by consenting to wed the new negro whom her master was to bring this night from the city. She was to meet him for the first time, at the altar that the institution of Slavery so utterly desecrates; and for this, her master's fair-faced daughters had been busy all the afternoon, twining the rafters of her rude home with flowers, and making with much haste, from remnants of their own finery, her wedding dress. Meanwhile, the child for whom she gave herself, hung sleeping among the flowers.

An eminent member of the bar, in a well known southern city, had sent a score or so of his own children to the New Orleans market. Two girls and one boy—children of the same mother—were to have shared this fate almost in infancy. An upper servant marking the silent anguish of their mother, humanely turned the attention of his master to the rare musical talents of the trio, and suggested to one whose dissolute habits kept his purse always empty, that a more lucrative use might be made of their fine faculties. He spoke in a happy hour. Teachers were procured for the children, and they were removed from the quarter at his plantation, to the light duties of young household servants at his city residence. As they grew older, their striking personal resemblance to their father made their presence in the family somewhat obtrusive, while a mental likeness rendered them anything rather than useful or agreeable dependents. In the meantime, their talents had developed in a manner which surprised even those who detected the secret of their birth. They were employed to sing at public celebrations and private parties, and it was rumored that the brother understood music more scientifically than any of the pale amateurs about him. In a city somewhat removed from that of their birth, a northern lady having need of the services of a dressmaker was directed to a neat and somewhat stylish house where she was tauntingly told she might gratify her Anti-Slavery prejudices by the opportunity of employing a mulatto. It was in September. The wide piazzas of the ground-floor were shaded by a fanciful network of the polished leaves and fragrant blossoms of the delicate Madeira vine. A splendid Catalpa lifted itself far above the windows of the highest. In a basement parlor, well furnished with books and music, the young man was giving a lesson on the flute to one of the exquisitely scented dandies with which the neighboring city of Washington abounds. On the other side of the passage, an open door showed the colored teacher quitting her piano and carefully fastening the sun-bonnets of two fair haired children, who had just finished their lesson.

The lady passed on as she had been directed to do, and on the floor above she found the second sister surrounded with the litter and paraphernalia of a dressmaker, giving instruction to a number of apprentices. The intelligence with which her directions were fulfilled pleased the stranger. She became interested in the family, lent them books and music, and quietly visited them whenever she had a spare hour. One evening she sat at their pleasant tea-table, decorated with snowy curds, sweet cream, and refreshing fruit. "How happy you would be," she exclaimed, "in this comfortable home, if you could forget the degradation of your race."

Had a thunder cloud envoloped the whole group, it could not have produced a more tangible darkness than her words. "Do you not know?" exclaimed the young man, pushing aside his plate, "that the degradation of our race is our degradation? We, too, are Slaves; our master educated us for his own profit, not to make us better or happier. When we were old enough we hired our time of him, at what was then considered an exorbitant price in the hope of purchasing the freedom of our bitterly injured mother. Under this disadvantage even, we were beginning to lay by a small sum of money, when our master lost the remains of his embarrassed property by gambling. When I went one night to pay for my month's time, he refused to renew the arrangement. He told me that he now had need of all our earnings, and that henceforth we must keep a minute account of our household expenses, furnished in the most economical manner. He would supply, he said, our professional wants, but every cent that remained must be given up to him. Our pupils have increased to a marvel. We teach from dawn till dusk, the whole week through, but how are we profited by that? Our poor old mother is our only servant, cheerful because she has not lost us, in addition to her virtue. Education seems only to have unfitted us for life. Our pupils regard us as their inferiors. The few degraded freemen in our neighborhood offer us no society. We are isolated in soul and body; and of all who have ever known us, you are the first, Madame, who has ever deigned to sit at our table. Independent, indeed, does our life seem to you! Were I to swim yon blue Potomac after nightfall, his bloodhounds would be at my heels; for he who has stated in the Halls of Congress that the blacks are incapable of self-support, now depends for his daily bread, nay, for his daily cake and wine upon the industry of those whom he calls his Slaves!"

A southern orphan had been carefully nurtured by northern relatives, who hoped to find in him the dutiful affection of an only son. A large estate, bequeathed him unexpectedly by a distant and almost unknown connection, carried him, before he had attained his majority, to the State of Louisiana. He was one of those well brought up young men, who have no definite opinions on the subject of Slavery. He had put off the evil day, when it should be necessary to ponder it. His immense wealth led him, on his first arrival at New Orleans, into the society of the most dissipated and careless. Around the table at the St. Charles he frequently met his companions. There was no lack of wit and gayety among them, of pleasant and generous intercourse; but there was no foundation of solid principle, no honorable stand-point, with regard to life, upon which he and they could meet. He was soon taught that a private harem was indispensable to his happiness, and was recognized by a northern friend, some few months after his arrival, in the act of bidding for a fancy Slave. It was easy to recognize him, in spite of the marks which his altered course of life had left upon his face and figure. The beautiful creature, by whom his attention was absorbed, lay half naked and motionless upon a couch formed of the clothing she had cast aside. She was not of those who most deeply enlist our sympathies. She knew not that the life about to open upon her would be more degrading, in its results, than the careless hours of the fifteen years she had passed. She cared only for a master more handsome and more generous than that of her companions. Sharing the most mysterious and winning charms of the two races whose blood was shamefully blended in her veins, she had no fear of failure, after having once drawn his eye to her voluptuous form. The friend who watched them both awaited not the result, but, walking steadily away, wondered as he went, which of these two was most accountable in the sight of God. He, well-bred and carefully taught the formulas of moral and religious life, too indolent to possess fixed principles, and led at this moment, almost without his own knowledge, into the abysses of vice. She, a child of fifteen summers, untaught and half wild, seducing his impulses and swaying his passions with the skill and certainty of a young ourang; the degraded scion of two degraded races.

In no State of the Union does the institution of Slavery bring with it more unmitigated horrors than in the inland State of Tennessee. But a few years ago the execution of a Slave, without judge or jury, on the retired plantations, was, to say the least, no unheard of thing. Around the family mansion, on one of these estates, at least twenty miles from any other dwelling, five or six hundred Slaves had gathered, and the stranger who had passed that way might have judged somewhat leniently of the "patriarchal institution," for their master was dying and they were all in tears!

Now and then was heard a suppressed sob, but oftener a kind of shriek, or the low moan of a child, and among the men who could not or would not weep, every other face, at least, wore the expression of intense anxiety. They could hardly tell why they wept, perhaps: whether for themselves or him who was dying. He had been neither severe nor kind, that they knew, but their master. They wept because they were agitated and uncertain, because the rising sun would bring to all a new owner, and each of those several bosoms quaked with hopes and fears of its own. Might it not have softened any white man's heart, to look upon those hundreds of upturned faces, and think how dependent upon him, for life or death, for weal or woe, was every soul there gathered?

Suddenly came the distant rattling of hoofs, and a horse, hotly ridden and dripping with foam, dashed up the avenue to the very foot of the steps where the household servants had gathered. A young man, fashionably attired and somewhat reckless in aspect, threw his reins to the nearest black, and springing from his saddle, hurried towards the hall. Among the many who knelt along those steps there was one too young, too affectionate, too unwise indeed, to defer her petition. "Oh, Massa Alfred, Massa Alfred," cried the negro mother, lifting her crowing babe, that he might catch one glance of the new comer's usually radiant face, "Massa Alfred, promise this night that you will never sell this one away from me!" He had ridden in haste to ask one last favor of his failing parent. He was selfish and careless, and he broke from her entreaties, thrusting aside the pressing child with a rough, unmanly kick of his heavy riding boot, and hurried up the steps; hurried, as he thought, to save his own last hope from shipwreck, to the presence of the dying. But he was fitly punished—he entered only to the presence of the dead.

In an instant that tearful crowd seemed changed to stone. They had witnessed the new comer's brutal repulse of the young mother: they heard the sharp cry of the poor child, as two of its nearly glittering teeth were forced back into its head, while the stupified girl wiped the blood from its mangled features. The tears were dried in all eyes, and those who had checked the current of their lives for a moment, while they battled with their fears, allowed it to flow on once more, and went sullenly to their work, for each had parted with his hope.

All night long those who watched beside the dead heard the heavy stride of the disappointed son, as he paced the adjoining room. Will it be believed that, as he considered again and again his own disappointment, he thought not once of the last hope of hundreds which he had that night cut off? Alas! the heart of the habitual wrong-doer is hard!

Look at them as they hang, American women, and if they were not Miracles of Nature, would you not call them Gems of Art? Think you that in the eleven thousand rooms of the Vatican, or the crowded galleries of the Louvre, you can find no "Flaying of Marsyas," no "Imprisonment of Urgolino," to complete and match the shameful series? Reproach me not that I have brought to you no pleasant sketch, nor tempted your fancy with some graceful picture of patriarchal devotion or light-hearted service; for I have pledged myself unto God, to bring before you without end, all that may shame your women's cheeks, all that may shock your women's hearts—until seeing Slavery as it is, you uplift your voices as one voice, raising a truly effectual cry for Liberty; until you feel the wrongs of a million and a half of sisters as if they were your own; until you nurture the rights of the unborn colored babe as you would those of the smiling child upon your knees.

I will spare you in nothing. You shall look upon the white maid, desecrating the holy marriage tie by a brutal curiosity, and listen to the Slave who answers it in the dignity of one whom "Christ hath set free." You shall see fair girls twining with flowers the hut where a Representative to the House of these United States is about to bind in galling chains two beings, whom no choice of their own, no will of Heaven, called to each other's side; the Slave mother consenting to sell herself to a stranger, as a ransom for her child, while pure hearted girls, your children, American women, look on and do not blush. You shall see an eminent member of the bar bringing into the world a group of children whom he declares, before the bar of his country, incapable of self-support. You shall see him reduced to bankruptcy, and them supporting in luxury the father and master who secures to them a bare subsistence. You shall see a northern boy, committed through an inheritance of sin to a career of vice, purchasing a mistress, as he might an ox at the shambles, and the fancy Slave, licentious in thought and deed, kissing the rod that is to slay her soul.

You shall see, in a white man of high lineage and polished manners, a specimen of the selfish cruelty nurtured by the institution of Slavery, so intense, that your blood will curdle, as you turn from the hundreds whose hearts he crushed by one angry impulse, to the bleeding child he wounded.

You fancy that you have nothing to do with these matters, that they have no bearing on the policy of your country, that great mystery, which, women as you are, you dare not strive to comprehend. It is hard for a woman to believe that women do not feel; hard for her so believing to anticipate that hour when God shall ask of her sex, what it has done with the great prerogative He gave it in this world. Methinks that we can see enough to make us ashamed of American statesmanship, without plunging beyond our depth into forbidden mysteries. On the South we see the Northern States of Mexico, declaring themselves independent, alike of our government and every other: on the North, is raised again the bewildering cry of annexation. As I write these words, there comes to me, from a Slave State, a newspaper containing a letter from General Scott, calmly advising the annexation of the Canadas, and reminding me of the abominable letters scattered through the States with reference to Texas, years ago. Does General Scott think this annexation an easy, even if it were an honorable thing? He may forget, but I cannot, that the laws of Canada secure a home to the fugitive Slave; and does he think its people so lost to humanity that they would consent to give back the helpless thousands who have already reached their borders, or bind themselves in federal union to restore all future fugitives? What loss would content our people? Is it not evident that such an annexation would sever our union at the heart? and although some of us might not grieve over the rending, we have little reason to think General Scott of that number?

At this moment, also, the friends of freedom find Anti-Slavery columns filled with the circular of Cassius Clay, a circular which shows how a little excitement leads a man from the defence of public war to that of private slaughter; which fastens the stain of blood forever unto one, who, after his limited knowledge, has striven in a Slave State for freedom, himself at last the life-long bondman of one blind, passionate impulse. These disgraces may be wiped from the broad shield of our union, provided it shall speedily be found to do good service to humanity; but can we say this of the late letter of Henry Clay, upon Emancipation? How will American statesmanship stand abroad, as this letter is wafted over the eastern continent, and it is seen what appears possible to the keen glance of one of the greatest men in a country pledged to the progress of the race? How will it stand, alas! before the judgment seat of God?

That this letter is a disgrace to us, as a people, I feel all the more bitterly, because I have just risen from the pages of one whom I have loved and honored from my childhood: one to whom I am under great spiritual obligation; one who does not sympathize with Mr. Clay in his proposed manner of Emancipation, and who, nevertheless, says that he is doing "more for freedom than any living man," that he has nobly identified himself with the great interests of humanity! I have no time for minute criticism, but this letter seems to me, in its whole tone and spirit, unworthy of a great man in his sound mind. More than once I have besought the friends of freedom to use gentler words; more than once I have besought them, if they must measure individual error by abstract truth, to make those allowances for sin, that are valid before God and man; but I hardly know how to make allowance for a New England Divine, when he does not see that the life and availability of the great party of southern Abolitionists has been imparted by the few stalwart sons of the North, willing to stand in the breach; that Henry Clay is not the leader of the people, but the led, and that it is because a certain amount of Anti-Slavery sentiment is now required by all political parties in this country, that men like Clay and Benton find it a suitable time to assume it. No one can read their speeches, and believe it to be the result of their own individual progress. The retormers of our time have come up from the field and the workshop, from the Slave prison and the broad plantation; some of them even from the school-room and the nursery; and can we expect such men and such women to be always wise unto salvation? God has been with them of a truth, but the punishment of their mistakes has been ever the deferment of their cherished hopes. When the student of history and human nature, the teacher of heavenly wisdom, or the professed man of letters, is willing to come forth from his study and share their perils, their reproaches, and their poverty, his reproofs will, for the first time, strike to the root of the evil. For the present, what wonder is it that they are ascribed to his habitual indifference? We must welcome the blindest efforts of the friends of freedom, but the true reformer must not only see the abstract truth, and point out the instances where individual conduct fails to meet it, but must also be able to show what, without his will, and within the accidents of birth or position, has made many a man a sinner. A more delicate duty remains, and that is, to prove to him that, although ignorance may absolve him in the first instance, it cannot do so in the second, after the legitimate consequences of his acts have been clearly pointed out.

An educated colored man is the best Anti-Slavery argument, and I have thanked God more than once, after listening to the eloquence of Douglass, that He has raised up one advocate from that injured race, capable of seeing and stating the whole truth, capable of vindicating, in a reverent spirit, his own rights, without wantonly assailing those of any other.

I dwell thus long upon political matters, women of America, because I feel that all reform in politics, in philanthropy, and in social life, depends upon you for purity and vigor. Do not be afraid to assume your responsibility. Our first steps in matters of this sort will be tottering and aimless. Perchance we shall do some harm in the beginning by unwise meddling; but it is our duty none the less; and if we would prosper on our way, we must not take too close heed to our steps, but lift a steady, searching, yet humble gaze to the God of Infinite Truth. Thus gazing, we shall never be led astray, let a carping world say what it will

Parsonage, East Needham, Mass., Aug., 1849.

From Dickens' 'Household Words.'

A Dark Suspicion.

"TAKE steam, Captain?" cried a clear voice from the hurricane deck of a huge tug-boat, with two funnels; which—with a large ship under each arm, and a brig and a schooner astern—was majestically walking past our little schooner, up the broad current of the Mississippi.

"What'll you do it for, from here?" returned our old man, poking his head up the companion-way. The hoarse, heavy pantings of the steamer's engines ceased for a moment, as she stopped abreast of us.

"Five and twenty dollars."

"No!"

"Go on ahead!"—and away moved the steamer with her train, looming for a minute through the morning mist like a great castle. We, in the little schooner, were left bumping in the swell she made, against the branches of trees, snags, and drift, that bordered the river's bank where we were lying with no other mooring than a single rope, fast round the trunk of a tree ashore. We had been a week from the Balize, trying to sail up against the current; and had not yet reached "English Turn," a bend in the river; where, once upon a time, "Britishers" were obliged to turn back about half way to New Orleans. The wind was again unfavorable, so we were eventually compelled to take steam at the price demanded; and, under the auspices of one of the numerous tugs continually panting past, we were soon steadily and rapidly shortening the distance to Orleans. The banks of the river, as we passed, presented nothing very striking in the way of scenery; here and there some pretty houses, in the midst of plantations—nearer the mouth the shore was mere swamp. The tug steamboats attract most attention. Instead of two steamers to one ship—as you may see almost any day at the Nore, creeping up the river, or clawing round the Foreland—you observe five, six, and even seven vessels to one steamer; and she steaming handsomely against a current seldom flowing less than four miles an hour.

In due time we arrived, and moored the schooner to the Levée as the artificially-raised quay on the river's bank is called. Here my connection with the little schooner ended; and taking what dollars were due to me, exchanged her fok'stle for a home at a boarding-house, on the Levée, where they give three meals a day, and a little room, for three dollars a week. New Orleans, at this time—some six years ago—was the scene of as much debauchery and dissipation—to say nothing of worse crimes that are not included in the list these two headings comprise as any city of its size in the world. My observation was certainly confined to classes not the wealthiest or most respectable; but that they reflected, with increased or diminished vividness, the vices of the higher portion of the community, the history of New Orleans tells plainly.

To see in every house that I entered a pack of cards in use, and a carouse in progress: to hear, every morning, of four, or perhaps five bodies found dead in bye-streets; and to be without a home or a friend, except what my boarding-house afforded, was my lot; as every day I walked from one end of the Levée to another, looking at the ships, and listening to the cheerful songs of the men at work, and longing for a home with them.

I had paid my last week's board, and had just twenty-five cents left in the world, when I turned out after breakfast for my usual walk. "Shall I have a cigar or no?" I pondered while passing my usual place for that indulgence. "Yes, I will—something will turn up to-day, I feel sure;" so I invested a portion of my last coin; and walked along, puffing with as much satisfaction and complacency as if I had owned a tobacco plantation.

"Hallo! Where *did* you spring from?" roared a voice, suddenly startling my meditations.

I looked up; before I had time to answer, my hand was seized by a man whose face seemed familiar to me, though I could not, for the life of me, tell where I had seen it.

"Reckon you don't know me—eh?" added the stranger, observing the look of doubtful recognition I glanced at him. "Know *you*, though—you look just the same—may be a little better, in a straw hat and blue frock, than you used in your gold band and buttons, aboard the 'Jumna' Indiaman."

"Why, bless my soul, it's Myers!"

"Guess it is—what's left of him, leastways. And what are you doing here in this rig, if I may make so bold?"

"Why, I'm looking for a ship, Myers."

"Well, be darned if this don't beat all! Come in here, and have something to drink—yes, you must. Well, by gracious!" continued he, lugging me along; "I've seen some queer starts since I was young gentleman's steward in the old 'Jumna,' but this beats everything by chalks."

We required sundry glasses of bottled beer to wash away enough of my friend Myers' astonishment and delight to permit him to talk rationally; and then I ascertained that he was captain's steward of a vessel called the "Bohemian," on board of which there was not a soul besides the captain and himself. She was lying at the opposite bank of the river, at "Algiers," preparatory to going into dry dock for repairs.

"He's a first rate sort of old man," continued Myers; "and there's a capital chance for you if you like; for he's looking out for a shipkeeper—so say the word, and I'll be off and speak to him at once."

"I am very much obliged to you," I said.

"Stop here till I come back," cried Myers, running off; and in half an hour in he came again, out of breath. "It's all right—I was just in time; you can come aboard to-day, he says—the regular port wages—and all you've got to do is to order yourself about."

I shook Myers by the hand, and thanked him cordially for what was the greatest service any one could have then done me.

"But I can't understand how it is you're here in this fashion," continued he; "a young gentleman as used to sport gold lace, ain't no business to be rigged out in tarpaulin."

"Why you see, Myers—to make a long story short—I found that wearing a fine jacket would never teach me to be a good sailor; so I thought I had better begin at the right end of the ship at once; and after a considerable deal of knocking about, I got into a Yankee craft, and was discharged only the other day."

"Well, I believe you are just about right, sir. Flashing about in them buttons ain't the way to make a navigator: and they pays pretty dear for it, too, I reckon!"

"Now then, Myers, we will go on board 'the Bohemian,' if you are ready."

On our way across the river to Algiers, in the little ferry-steamer that is continually plying, Myers told me the history of his wanderings since we had been shipmates—when I was one of the inmates of the so-called midshipman's berth of the "Jumna" East Indiaman, and he was our steward—but there was nothing in it beyond the usual ups and downs of a sailor's life.

The Algiers side of the river is devoted entirely to yards and workshops, where everything connected with the fitting and repairing of ships and their rigging is carried on. Through this labyrinth of half-made masts, ropes, chains, and old boats, we made our way; and at length arrived opposite an old vessel, with her topmasts struck, that was lying grinding rustily against the quay.

"Here we are," said Myers, stepping across the gangway board. Following him I found myself on the deck of the "Bohemian." She was an old craft; the seams of her narrow planks were gaping with age, and the paint on her side was musty and cracked. The cabins were in the same condition, with the exception of one which the captain had rendered habitable for his occasional use. Shortly after our arrival, he came on board.

"Oh!—You're the man Myers spoke about—the shipkeeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. There isn't much for you to do at present; you'd better make yourself as comfortable as you can."

And away he went below; and down I went, too, to examine what sort of a place I had to do so in. On descending the 'Bohemian's' fok'stle ladder, the prospect would not have presented itself to a landsman as auguring much comfort, even had he conceived it habitable. Perhaps the difference of a sailor's habits, or the force of necessity, made me view it more favorably. It was large, and had six bunks on each side, roomy enough to carry double; it was tolerably clean, and did not show any traces of leakage; so, upon the whole, I was tolerably well satisfied. Some of the bunks were filled with blocks, and coils of rope, and gear of all kinds; and having cleared out one, which seemed, from its position, to receive more light than the others from the little scuttle, I arranged my bed in it as comfortably as I could, and returned on deck.

The "old man" was pacing his quarter-deck, smoking a cigar, and awaiting dinner, which Myers was busy cooking in the caboose on deck; whence, every now and then, he popped his head, glistening with warmth, to exchange a word or a joke with me. One feels a sorts of guilty consciousness—at least I always do—when doing nothing in the presence of an employer, even although there is absolutely nothing to do. Everything was too far gone to be mended in any way, except by something new: so I sat on the windlass, and stared in desperation at the "old man," every time he turned his back in his walk.

"Here," said he, at last, perhaps divining my thoughts.

"Sir?"

"You may put the signal-flags to right, if you like; you'll find 'em all in the cabin; and Myers will get you what bunting and thread you want."

I felt really glad to have something to do; so I went about my new task immediately.

"Of course you understand you are always to sleep on board?" added the captain, as I passed with a bundle of flags I had just brought up under my arm.

I replied in the affirmative; and sitting in a corner, busied myself about my work. Nothing occurred during the day to interfere with my quiet duties; nor did there seem much chance of any interruption to our way of life. Myers and I had our chats, and the captain his dinner, as regularly as possible. Sometimes he would remain all day and all night, and sometimes only one hour out of the twenty-four.

I felt lonely enough my first night in the old barque. I had one short piece of candle for my nightly allowance; and when Myers had left me for the after part of the ship, which was under his charge, I trimmed it up, and fixed it firmly in my bottle-candlestick, preparatory to having a read and a smoke; for, in tumbling over the things in the bunks, I had found, among other things, some pages of "Letters of Lord Byron." This was too great a prize in the present state of affairs for me to trouble myself how they got there. At last, after a long read, I fell asleep. Once I woke with the old ship's harsh grating against the quay, as a passing steamer rocked her. Then there were rats rummaging among the blocks and ropes in the bunk above me. One ran across my face. Presently I heard a footstep, I fancied, on the deck, making the empty ship re-echo. I jumped up the ladder, and looked round, but there was nothing visible in the quiet moonlight. Again I turned in and dozed; but a sounding noise, as if some one had fallen in the hold, again startled me. I felt certain some one was moving about in the ship, and was about getting up and rousing Myers, when I heard my shoes dragged across the deck by the rats, and another hullabaloo among the blocks overhead: so I put everything down to them, and fell asleep at last. The next morning I asked Myers if he had heard anything? He said he, too, had fancied he'd heard a noise in the night. However, we both accused the rats, and thought nothing more of it.

The after-part of the ship, which was partitioned off into cabins, and the midship part of the between-decks were divided by a bulk-head, through which there was a communication by means of two doors, now generally left unlocked. This intermediate space between the cabins and the bulkhead, called the steerage, was used as an indiscriminate sort of repository. Here, of an evening, I put my flags away when I had done work.

Day after day passed in the same manner as the first; except that the captain was sometimes not in the best of humors, as I could hear by his rating Myers, though he seldom said anything to me. Myers, himself, too, of a morning, was sometimes in a tremendous way, for he discovered the loss of sundry eatables from the galley, which disappeared in a mysterious manner in the night. I heard noises, too, at times in the night, but had become too much accustomed to them to take any more notice; having once with Myers, had, as we conceived, a thorough overhaul of the ship in consequence. I became accustomed to my solitary occupation of the fok'stle, and used to lay in daybreak and watch the rats, or listen to the cries of some poor slave being flogged ashore: which latter was not at all an unfrequent occurrence. One day the "old man" came on board in a worse humor than usual. Myers had his share of abuse first; and then, to my astonishment, he commenced upon me.

"What! ain't those flags finished yet? If they'd been anything good to eat, they'd have been done long before this, I guess!"

"I've not been hurrying about them sir," I rejoined, respectfully.

"So it appears; added he sharply. "Come now; just bring 'em up here, and let's see what you've done."

I went below to the steerage at once, and brought up the bundle.

"Well! where's the rest of them?" said the captain, after looking through and counting them.—"There ought to be four more."

I looked them through, and noticed that some I remembered working on was not there. So down I went again, to see if I had overlooked them. I could see no more below. I came and told the captain.—He was striding up and down, and evidently working himself into a passion.

"So there ain't any more, ain't there? Now I can tell you what it is, young fellow; if you think you've got a fool to deal with, you're most tarnation mistaken. Myers tells me he has missed a lot of things; and it's my belief that them flags are gone with the rest. So the sooner you say where they are, the better; or else off you slope to the jail at Orleans slick."

I was, as may be supposed, rather taken by surprise at this.

"I know nothing about the flags," I said.

"Oh! of course not, I dare say you don't. We'll see if we can't make you know, though. Here Myers"—

"Sir?"

"Get yourself ready to go over with me to the magistrate at Orleans, at once."

"What for, sir?" said Myers, looking from me to the captain, with astonishment.

"Why, to put this young blackguard in prison," said the captain, striding up and down furiously.

"What?" shouted Myers. "What! put him in prison? It would be the worst piece of business you ever did in your life. Do you think he'd steal flags or anything else? I'll go before the magistrates at once; but to swear that he hasn't left the ship on any such errand as that, since he and I have been together."

"You're a pair of scoundrels," cried the captain, actually foaming with passion; "come along with you both—now—at once."

Accordingly Myers and I prepared to cross the river with the captain, who was quite beside himself with rage at first; but soon got a little cooler.—Just as we were about to leave the ship, two men came on board. They accosted the captain; "We're on the look-out sir," said one of them, "for a runaway nigger—answers to the name of 'Tom'—marked B on the left arm—left Mr. Bandon's plantation, five miles up the river a week ago. May we look through your ship, sir, as we hear he's been seen somewhere hereabouts?"

"Oh! yes of course," said our captain, stopping his intended journey at once.

Lights were procured, and immediately the men commenced a strict search in every part of the ship. Myers and I remained on deck. At last, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, we heard a great outcry below; and up came our captain, followed by the slave-hunters, dragging an unfortunate runaway they had found concealed behind a water-cask in the after part of the ship's hold: and, in a corner of the transom that it would not have seemed possible for a human being to squeeze himself. The missing flags were found there. He had taken them for a bed and covering.

"Do not take me back; I shall be flogged again. Dear, good captain, help me!" said the poor wretch, as he sank on his knees on the deck, clasping his arms, and pitifully appealing to our captain.

"I wish I could help you," said our captain; and Myers and I looked on, too, now with intense interest; for, heedless of the poor fellow's prayers, tears, and cries, he was dragged away by the men. He never ceased appealing to us and our captain as he was carried off. Our "old man" wiped a sort of half fear away as he turned to us, and said,

"I beg your pardons, both of you. Will you stop with me after what has occured? I am ashamed of myself; and if you can forget it, we'll say no more about it."

Myers looked at me, and I looked at Myers. Certainly, ten minutes before, I should have thought any one who had predicted that I should stay that day in the "Bohemian," a false prophet; but we could not refuse, nor had we afterwards any occasion to repent it.

The poor runaway threw himself overboard, and was drowned on the way to the plantation.

FAMILIAR QUESTIONS.

THE Earl of Carlyle, better known in this country as Lord Morpeth, in a lecture on Pope, delivered before a Mechanics' Lyceum at Leeds, strung together a series of household gems, as the best evidence of the genius of the poet, who is thus familiar to myriads who are not aware that they have ever read a line of his writing:

"When there has been a pleasant party of people, either in a convivial or intellectual view—I wish we might think it of our meeting this evening (cheers)—we say it has been

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

How often are we warned—I have sometimes ever heard the warning addressed to Mechanics' Institutes—that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

How often reminded,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God"
(Cheers.)

Or, with nearly the same meaning—

"Who taught the youthful science to be good."

There is a couplet which I ought to carry in my own recollection—

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!"
(Laughter.)

It is an apt illustration of the offices of hospitality,

"Welcome the coming, speed the going guest."

How familiar is the instruction,

"To look through Nature up to Nature's God."

As rules with reference to composition,

"The last and greatest art—the art to blot,
To snatch a grace beyond the search of art;"

And then as to the best mode of conveying instruction,

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not."
There is the celebrated definition of wit,
"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

Do you want to illustrate the importance of early education? You observe,

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined"

Dou you wish to characterize ambition somewhat favorably? You call it,

"The glorious fault of angels and of gods."

On describing a great conqueror,

"A mighty hunter, and his prey was man."

Do you seek the safest rule for architecture and gardening?

"Consult the genius of the place in all."

Are you tempted to say anything rather severe to your wife or daughter, when she insists on a party of pleasure, or an expensive dress? You tell her,

"That every woman is at heart a rake." (A laugh.)

And then, if you wish to excuse your own submission, you plead,

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."
(Cheers and laughter.)

How often are we inclined to echo the truth,

"That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

And this too,

"That gentle dullness often loves a joke."

Who has not felt this to be true?

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest."

When an orator, or a Parliamentary candidate—in which last capacity I have often appeared before some of you (much cheering)—wishes to rail at absolute governments, he talks of

"The monstrous faith of many made for one."

Then there are two maxims, one in politics and one in religion, which have both been extremely found fault with, but the very amount of censure proves what alone I am now attempting to establish, not the truth or justice of Pope's words, but their great vogue and currency:

"For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best;
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

MASTER AND PUPIL.

Colonel James Tappan, a venerable citizen of Gloucester, Massachusetts, now eighty-four years of age, recently addressed a letter to the Hon Daniel Webster reminding him that more than sixty years ago he (Mr. W.) was one of his pupils, when he taught school at "New Salisbury." The *Gloucester News* publishes Mr. Webster's prompt answer to his old friend and early teacher as follows:

Washington, Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1851.

Master Tappan: I thank your for your letter, and am rejoiced to hear that you are yet among the living. I remember you perfectly well as a teacher in my infant years. I suppose my mother must have taught me to read very early, as I have never been able to recollect the time when I could not read the Bible. I think Master Chase was my earliest schoolmaster, probably when I was three or four years old. Then came Master Tappan. You boarded at our house, and sometimes, I think, in the family of Mr. Benjamin Sanborn, our neighbor, the lame man.—Most of those whom you knew in "New Salisbury" have gone to their graves. Mr. John Sanborn, the son of Benjamin, is yet living and is about your age. Mr. John Colby, who married my eldest sister, Susannah, is also living. On the "North Road" is Mr. Benjamin Hunton, and on the "South Road" is Mr. Benjamin Pettengail. I think of none else among the living whom you would probably remember.

You have indeed lived a checquered life. I hope you have been able to bear prosperity with meekness, and adversity with patience. These things are all ordered for us, far better than we could order them for ourselves. We may pray for our daily bread; we may pray to be kept from temptation and that the kingdom of God may come in us, and in all men, and His will everywhere be done. Beyond this we hardly know for what good to supplicate the Divine mercy. Our Heavenly Father knoweth what we have need of better than we know ourselves, and we are sure that his eye and his loving kindness are upon us and around us every moment.

I thank you again, my good old master, for your kind letter which has awakened many sleeping recollections; and with all good wishes I remain

Your friend and pupil, DANIEL WEBSTER

Mr. JAMES TAPPAN.

LETTER FROM DANIEL WEBSTER.

WE have received the following letter, purporting to have been written by Daniel Webster to his wet nurse, Tabitha Diaper, from our old correspondent John Brown, the Jersey Ferryman. In the note which accompanies it, Mr. Brown states that the letter was enclosed by Webster, to Harvey, of Boston for publication, who was to see that it found its way into print without delay. We believe it has not yet appeared in any other paper.

Mr. Brown informs us that Mr. Webster was so well pleased with the effect of his letter to his first school teacher, Master Tappan, that he has set about preparing a series of semi-monthly letters, one of which we give to-day, and the succeeding ones, to be addressed, one to the man who made his first top-boots, another to the man who made his first long-tailed coat, another to the doctor who attended him when he first had the measles, another to his first client, and another to man he first borrowed money of. Each letter is to contain at least four lines of good quotation Latin, and when complete, the series is to be bound up at the expense of the Union Safety Committee, uniform with Dr. Spring's recent work on First Things.

Mr. Brown adds, in a postscript, that Harvey was told to give himself no trouble about looking up nurse Tabitha, as she had been dead, probably, for at least half a century, as she was old and infirm when he was born.—*Evening Post.*

WASHINGTON, April 1, 1851.

NURSE TABITHA: In a few months I shall reach that momentous period of life beyond which, as we are told by the Psalmist, all is "labor and sorrow." It will be exactly three score years and ten on the 18th day of January next, since I was first deposited in your arms, and I can no longer forbear expressing to you my gratitude for the kindness with which you watched over my welfare during that critical portion of my career. I do not remember you very distinctly, for if I am not mistaken, you left our house when I was only six weeks old. Time must have changed you not a little since then, as it has myself, and it is very doubtful if we should be able to recognize each other now if we were to meet. I could have said, many years since, with Horace—

* * * * Fuge retro
Levis juventas et decor, arida
Pellente lacivos amores
Canitie facilemque somnum.

But neither the length nor the accidents of time, can ever extinguish my gratitude to her who first held the bottle to my infant lips, who pinned upon me the first integuments with which my infant nakedness was covered. If, since then, I have attained any distinction as an expounder of the constitution of the United States, in writing the checquered life of near seventy years which I have led, I have been enabled to observe the precious habits you then helped me to form, of eating when I was hungry and drinking when I was dry, I feel that, under Providence, I owe it all to you, and to the impressions which I imbibed in your arms. I have always felt that I could never have so thoroughly apprehended all the mysteries of the federal constitution, if I had not commenced its study, as I did, some six years before that memorable instrument was framed, and under such favorable auspices.

My friend who bears this will hand you fifty dollars, which you will accept as a mark of my special regard, for as yours is the first debt I ever cont